IRENE;

OR, THE

Fair GREEK,

A

TRAGEDY.

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A

TRAGEDY.

LEAGUED

A

ENGLISH CREEK

OR THE

ISLE:

IRENE;

OR, THE

Fair GREEK,

A

TRAGEDY:

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Sworn Servants.

LONDON:

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DARKY-LAND

IN

THEATRE ROYAL

As it is Acted at the

ADELPHI:

ESH. CREEK

OR

IRELAND:

TO THE

Most Noble PRINCE

HENRY,

DUKE of *BEAUFORT*,

MARQUIS and EARL of *Worcester*,

EARL of *Glamorgan*, BARON *Herbert*,

AND

LORD of *Chepstow*, *Ragland* and *Gower*.

May it please Your GRACE,

SINCE I have ventur'd to appear in Publick, as an Author, I could not do it more advantageously, than under Your GRACE's Protection: For whatever Faults I may have been guilty of in the *Composition*, they will be suffi-

ſufficiently aton'd for, by having Your GRACE'S NAME prefix'd to my *Fair GREEK.*

THIS Play was the Product of ſome Leiſure Hours in the *Univerſity*, when I had the Honour to be a Member of one of the beſt Societies in it. And tho' it has lain for ſome Years neglected by me, on the Reviewing of it, I found ſomething in the Story very Entertaining to my ſelf, and that met with the Approbation of much better Judges. The Town has given Variety of Fathers to this Play, and are willing to allow any One but My ſelf the *Author* of it. I am not aſham'd to own, how much I have been oblig'd to the Aſſiſtance of

my

my Friends: But I ſhould ſcarce preſume to make a Preſent of this Nature to Your GRACE, that belongs to another Man.

I AM ſenſible, My LORD, that *IRENE* appear'd to the greateſt Diſadvantage on the Stage, ſtrip'd of Her Ornaments of *Muſick* by a Superior Order; and in many of Her Characters ſuffering very much in the Action: But I do not mention this ſo much on my own Account, as that the Town was depriv'd of one of the more agreeable Parts of the Entertainment I deſign'd for it. And this naturally brings me to return my Grateful Acknowledgments to Your GRACE, that was ſo

Active

Active and Generous an Advocate for my *Fair* GREEK, and to those many Friends, that so readily interested themselves in Her Cause, against those that Condemn more out of the Prejudice of Party than Judgment.

My LORD, when I Address Your GRACE, I have the Example of the Best of Poets, *Horace*, when he celebrates his *Mecænas*, to Compliment Your GRACE on Your *Royal Ancestors*, and Your *High Descent* from a Long and Glorious Race of *Kings*. But I know *Panegyricks* of this kind are least acceptable to a Person so truly Noble and Illustrious as Your self: And I that have suffer'd so much by my *Plain Dealing* in

the

the World, ſhall never attempt the Raiſing my ſelf by *Flattery*, let the Subject be never ſo Great or Noble.

But I may without Offence, and with a great deal of Juſtice, aſſure Your Grace, That by Your *Character* and *Conduct* You have gain'd the *Love* and *Admiration* of Mankind in general; and the higheſt *Value* and *Eſteem* of thoſe that have the Happineſs to be admitted into Your more *Intimate Friendſhip* and *Converſation*.

You live up, My Lord, to the Dignity of Your *Character*, with the true Generoſity and Spirit of an *Engliſh* Nobleman: And no Man is leſs envy'd for what he enjoys, becauſe there are

but few understand how to make so good use of it. But tho' your GRACE is most Happy in every Circumstance of Life; and tho' You appear with all the Advantages a Great Man can set forth in the World with; yet You have in nothing more Eminently distinguish'd your Self, than by your *Steady Principles*, and by strictly adhering to that Excellent *Motto* of your *Arms*, ———

Mutare vel timere sperno.

My LORD,

I am, with all Respect,

Your GRACE's

Most Dutiful,

and Obedient Servant,

Charles Goring.

A PROLOGUE

To *IRENE.*

Spoken by Mr. POWELL.

POETS of old could INSPIRATION *boast,*
A useful help to Bards at present toast:
No hard-bound Author then in deep Despair,
Was forc'd to bite his Nails, or rend his Hair;
But the Gay Frenzy flash'd upon his Brain,
And Wit tho' a Disease, was void of Pain.
We have of late our Inspiration *got,*
In every thing but Poetry *and* Plot:
For of all Places in this Frantick Age,
There's none that's less infected than the Stage;
Witness our Poet's Moral Play to Night,
And numerous Brethren——Not inspir'd to Write.
The Camisars *might prove of wond'rous use,*
To salve our Credits, and restore the Muse:
Their Postures and Grimace, the Growth of France,
Improv'd with British *Numbers, Song and Dance;*
Wou'd fill our Crowded Theaters a-Nights,
And turn our Wise Reformers Proselites.
To Marion *and his Tribe 'tis no Disgrace,*
To visit after Charing-Cross, *This Place;*
Unless our Quakers *for the Good o' th' Nation,*
Should get a Bill against this new Perswasion
To prevent Frauds in Foreign Inspiration.
Lord! How devoutly wou'd your Criticks sit,
With Ears erect, and silent in the Pit:
To see distorted Zealots pant and foam,
Big with the mighty Oracle to come;

The PROLOGUE.

At laſt diſmiſs'd, with ſome ſage Truth contented,
Great as e're Partridge, *or Poor* Robin *vented.*
Our Opera-Nymphs *ſhall quit their Songs Prophane,*
And tune their Notes to Philadelphian *ſtrain:*
Toſts *and her Eunuch Hymn it through the Noſe,*
And little Gallia *twang it in the Cloſe.*
A Player's Credit and a Face of Paint,
May ſerve to furniſh out a Modern Saint:
And if to inward Merits you inquire,
What e're they want in Zeal, they have in Fire.
Wou'd Pinketh *and his Aſs profeſs new Light,*
We'd match the Convert Juſtice and the Knight:
Tho' we ſhall ne're arrive to their Extreams,
To raiſe the Living Dead———And walk the Thames;
For our Performance you ſhall be the Truſtees,
When they ſet ſtreight the Knight, or reimburſe the Juſtice.

AN

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

OUR Epilogues *at firſt were an Excuſe,*
To pardon Faults of unperforming Muſe :
But much improv'd of late, our Modern way is,
To part in Mirth, however ſad the Play is :
So ſtrict our good Reformers here have been,
They've ſcar'd off Wit and Sence, but left the Sin :
Like Bawds preciſe that Lewdneſs ſtill reprove,
Yet help you to the Naughty thing you Love.
What Horace *damns, and* Boſſu *won't admit,*
As cruel Scenes oft Charms an Engliſh *Pit :*
Our Poet to your Palates choſe to Write,
And ſtuck his Nymph, like an uncourteous Knight.
Without Regret you ſaw the Fair expire,
So hardning 'tis to gratifie Deſire :
In vain we pleaſe, like Fools too tender hearted,
A well known Face and you, are eaſie parted.
Had but our Poet a fam'd Author read,
The gentle Fair IRENE *ne're had bled :*
Her Sultan, *tho' inrag'd and Jealous Pated,*
Had ſondly got his Lovely GREEK *Tranſlated ;*
And we, as all you naughty Creatures ſay,
Wou'd go to Heaven the pritty Modiſh way.
His Doctrine, tho' Condemn'd, is uſeful found,
If not to pay old Debts, it will Compound :
And the wiſe Senator has thought it meet,
To prove his firſt Tranſlation from the Fleet.
But this for Play-Houſe *Members is not fitting,*
We cannot plead the Privilege of ſitting :
Tho' by our Stars and Poets ſo ill fated,
Too oft we want like him to be Tranſlated.

The EPILOGUE.

But in your Arms we ſure Protection find,
You Sultans *of the Pit are always kind:*
Free from the Pangs of furious Jealouſie,
'Tis we that wound, and you poor things that die.
To wicked Drury *we are Fac'd about,*
The pregnant Climate whence we firſt ſet out:
Hither like dying Patients we repair,
As to revive again with Native Air.
Drury *renown'd for every ſoft Delight,*
For every Joy——————Except a full Third Night.
It gives us Crowns, and taught us firſt to Love,
Here made like QUEENS——— Like frailer Nymphs we prove;
To make the Circle of the Stage compleat,
We Play-Houſe Meteors, *where we Riſe, we Set.*

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mahomet *the Great, Firſt Emperor of the* Turks.	*Mr.* Powell.
Ibrahim Baſſa, *Grand Vizier.*	*Mr.* Smith.
Acmet Baſſa, *Lieutenant of the Eaſt.*	*Mr.* Keen.
Muſtapha, *Aga of the Janizaries.*	*Mr.* Corey.
Balbanus, *Captain* Baſſa.	*Mr.* Booth.
Aratus, *Captive Prince of* Corinth.	*Mr.* Mills.
Pyrrhus, *Favourite to the Emperor, an Apoſtate, and Brother to* Irene.	*Mr.* Husband.

Baſſa's, Eunuchs, Mutes, Guards.

WOMEN.

Sultana Valide, *or Queen-Mother.*	*Mrs.* Barry.
Irene, *The Fair* Greek.	*Mrs.* Rogers.
Zaida *Her Confident.*	Mrs. Porter.

ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, *The* Seraglio *in* Constanti-nople, *about* 3 *Years after the Conqueſt.*

IRENE,

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in the Seraglio.

Enter the Sultana *and* Grand Vizier.

Sult. I Tremble Vizier, with my jealous Fears,
And ſee the Precipice before my Eyes,
The dreadful Fall from Majeſty and Pow'r,
Unleſs thy Wiſdom can ſupport my State,
And ſave a ſinking Queen.

Viz. Madam, the Emperor's Commands are paſt
For baniſh'd *Acmet* to attend at Court,
And *Muſtapha*'s Releaſe.

Sult. Then all our boaſted Empire's at an end;
They'll wake the Sultan from his amourous Dreams,
His Days of Riot, and luxurious Nights,
That lull Ambition, and enchant his Soul;
Tempt him with Glory, and the Love of Arms
To thirſt for Blood, and ſet the World in Flames.

Viz. Yet to diſpute, or diſobey his Will,
Is Ruin, and inevitable Fate.

Sult. Not the dry Stubble, nor the Autumn Leaves,
Receive the Flames with that tumultuous Noiſe
And ſudden Blaze, as his impetuous Soul
Inclines to Fury, and confeſſes Rage.

Viz. The haughty Sultan is by Nature fierce,
Not form'd for Courts, nor ſoft inglorious Eaſe;
Arms his Delight, and the gay Pomp of War
The Scene that charms his Heart.

Sult. Then tell me, Vizier, tell me, if thou know'ſt,
In all the Annals of preceding Times,
Since the firſt dawning of the Ott'man Race,

The first Foundation of our Empire laid,
A Story wondrous as my own.
The Sultan's more, much more than you describe;
His Nature rough, his Temper insolvent;
Fierce as a Savage that infests the Plain,
Stormy as Winds when combating the Deep,
Impetuous as a Torrent rushing down
A Precipice.---- Doating on Glory, and Ambition's Slave:
Yet have I snatch'd him from the midst of War,
From Empires his victorious Sword has won;
With Pleasure calm'd the Tempests of his Mind,
Check'd his Ambition, quench'd his Thirst of Fame,
And chas'd his darling Passions from his Heart.

Viz. Nay, when the Heats of Fonder Youths were o're,
When vers'd in the mysterious Arts of State,
And fam'd for Triumphs, then!----

Sult. Ay, Then, my Vizier! Then to lure him down!
To stop the rapid Motions of his Soul!
To bind him, like a Child, with Flow'ry Wreaths,
And charm him with a beauteous Syren's Song!

Viz. 'Tis strange! 'Tis wonderful!

Sult. Think then how ill my haughty Soul can bear
The Loss of Empire, and supreme Command,
Who for the Space of three revolving Years
Have reign'd with Pow'r unlimited and great,
As when old *Amurtah* my Charms obey'd,
And doated on my Youth.

Viz. Your Fears, *Sultana*, magnify the Ills,
And form our Dangers greater than they are:
For *Acmet* falls, and *Mustapha* shall bleed,
If *Alla* favours, and my Plots succeed.

Sult. Quench but my Soul's impatient Thirst with Blood,
With *Acmet's* Blood, and *Mustapha's* Disgrace,
And let Ambition, Avarice and Pride
Invent Rewards, I'll gratify them all.

Viz. Your Bounties fix me ever at your Feet.

[*Enter a Mute.*

Now the *Divan* attends------
Madam do you prepare the *Sultan's* Mind,

The

The reſt commit to Fate and me. [*Exit* Vizier.

Sult. Diſtracting Thought! to live again confin'd
To gloomy Shades, and ſolitary Walls,
Snatch'd from the Pomp and Grandeur of a Crown,
To live deſpis'd amongſt Inſulting Girls,
Whoſe Youth and Beauty teach them Pride and Scorn,
Or to the loath'd Society condemn'd
Of Eunuchs, Mutes and Dwarfs, Shadows of Men,
And ſportive Natures Jeſts.—— But Death's a nobler Choice.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Ozmin, thy Diligence prevents my Wiſh,
And well tim'd Services fore-run my Thought;
You, gentle *Ozmin*, are the *Sultan's* Joy,
The lov'd Companion of his ſofter hours,
That more endear Retirement to his Soul:
Say, Does the Lovers Fondneſs ſtill prevail?
Still fire his Heart, and triumph o're his Pride?

Pyr. Madam, of late he's diſcompos'd and ſad,
Subject to wilder ſtarts of furious Rage;
A melancholly Gloom orecaſts his Brow,
And ſaddens all the Temper of his Mind.

Sult. Is he ſo chang'd of late?

Pyr. Laſt Night, amidſt the Revels of the Bowl,
When gay with Wine, and Mirth and Pleaſure reign'd,
Tranſported with a ſudden Guſt of Rage,
He ſtabb'd *Doreni*, Maſter of his Conſort,
His Favourite Mute he order'd to be ſtrangl'd,
The Chryſtal Goblets on the Pavement daſh'd,
And left us trembling at the horrid Scene.

Sult. Too well, I fear, my Soul divines the Cauſe.

Pyr. Much he reſents old *Acmet*'s late Diſgrace,
And his Loved *Kara Muſtapha's* Reſtraint.
When Fame aud Glory firſt inſpir'd his heart,
Theſe were his brave Companions of the War,
Sharers in Conqueſt, and his Chiefs in Arms.
Oft, when relating their advent'rous Fights,
Their fam'd ſucceſs, and Deeds of high Renown,
Oft I have obſerv'd his Viſage ſternly change,
His kindling Blood run flaſhing o're his Face,
His Eye-balls outward dart their fiery Beams, And

And fierce Convulsions shake his manly Frame:
Till far transported with the generous Rage,
His bending Head he'd on my Breast recline,
And leave th'unfinish'd Tale to Sighs and Groans.
So far can Glory yet affect his Soul.

Sult. Perdition seize it's Charms.
This is the fatal Secret that I fear'd,
That opens dreadful Prospects to my View.——
But on, sweet *Ozmin*; gentle Youth proceed:
How stands *Irene*, the fair Captive Greek?

Pyr. She holds his Heart in Adamantine Chains;
Ev'n Time, that Beauties fading Pow'r destroys,
Enlarges the Dominion o're his Soul,
And but extends her Sway.

Sult. There fix my hopes, 'tis all I ask of Fate.——
Now, *Ozmin*, with thy best Attention heed,
And weigh my Words with Care.
'Tis *Acmet's* rigid Honesty I dread,
And the *Janizer Aga's* high Command;
Late for their insolvent and haughty Speech,
I banish'd both, in order to their Fate:
But by the fierce Displeasure of my Son,
These Idols of the Camp are now recall'd,
To head Sedition, and affront my Power.
You, *Ozmin*, must possess the *Sultan's* Mind
With all the Grecian Artifice of Words,
With all that Wit or Malice can invent,
To blacken them, and to pervert his Love.

Pyr. Madam, I'm still the Slave your Bounty rais'd,
And pay intire Obedience to your Will.

Sult. The Vizier shall instruct you more at large
In all the Secret and destructive Arts
Of Ruin and Revenge.—— [*Exit* Pyrrhus.
'Tis well.—— And yet methinks I with Reluctance owe
To other hands the Pleasure of Revenge.
Why was my haughty Soul to Woman joyn'd?
Why this soft Sex impos'd upon my Mind?
Ambition fires me with each manly Part,
Nerves my weak Limbs, and animates my Heart;

And

And ſince to Empire I am rais'd by Fate,
I'll greatly periſh, or maintain my State. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Garden in the Seraglio.

Enter Irene *in Mourning, and* Zaida.

Iren. GO, gentle *Zaida*, leave me to my Griefs,
I wou'd indulge a while my gloomy Thoughts,
For I've a mighty Debt of Tears to pay,
A Sum immenſe of Woe.

Zaid. Rather throw off thoſe melancholly Robes,
That make this ſad Impreſſion on your Mind.
Why ſhou'd you thus devote your hours to Grief,
In blooming Youth, and Beauties charming Prime?
And, like a tender Plant o'recharg'd with Dew,
Thus droop your lovely Head?

Iren. Have I not reaſon? Is there not a Cauſe
For ſad Remorſe, Horror, and black Deſpair?
For cou'd my Soul expire in mournful Sighs,
Or cou'd my Frame diſſolve in flowing Tears,
'Twou'd not attone for half *Irene*'s Crimes,
Nor cleanſe the foul Contagion of my Guilt.

Zaid. And yet for you, this fond, this doating Prince,
Neglects the Beauties his Seraglio yields,
And widow'd leaves a Thouſand blooming Brides,
To languiſh at your Feet.

Iren. Alas! My heart was firſt another's Right,
By ſolemn Contract, and by plighted Vows.
To Death I love, to Madneſs am belov'd,
And yet for ever, ever muſt deſpair,
Condemn'd to Guilt and Shame.

Zaid. Has not our Sultan ev'ry taking Grace
To charm a Woman, and engage the Fair?

Iren. Yes; he has all the tempting Eloquence,
Deluding Looks, and more perſwaſive Tears,

That

That find an eaſy Paſſage to our Hearts.
Whole Hours he'll lie imploring at my Feet,
With eager Tranſports fold me in his Arms;
Then gaze, and flatter, weep, and ſigh, and pray;
Talk to the Groves, to ev'ry Flood complain,
And tell the Stars fond Stories of his Flames.

Zaid. Not all the Legends of Romantick Love
Can boaſt a Paſſion ſo ſublimely Great.

Iren. Oft, when his wild Exceſs of fond Deſire
Hurries him on to what my Soul abhors,
Ev'n then he trembles with ſubmiſſive Fears,
Shrinks from the fierce Reſentments of my Frowns,
And acts his Guilt with a Remorſeful Joy.

Zaid. And can you hate this Great, this Glorious Man,
That gives ſuch wondrous Proofs of matchleſs Love?

Iren. Wou'd I cou'd hate him from my inmoſt Soul,
Drive him from ev'ry Fibre of my Heart,
Chaſe him my Boſom, blot him from my Thought!
Oh! cou'd I loath, deteſt, abhor his Arms
More than an Aſpick's Twine, or Scorpion's Claſp!
Ev'n then I ſhou'd not hate him as I ought;
This Sullier of my Virgin Innocence,
My Virtues Bane, Honour's Eternal Blot,
And Poys'ner of my Fame.

Zaid. In pity, Madam, ceaſe.

Iren. O monſtrous Guilt! More than inceſtuous Crime.
To take an Infidel within my Arms,
My Countries Plague! My Faith's inveterate Foe!
Horrid with Stains of all my ſlaughter'd Race!
Beſmear'd with both my murder'd Parents Blood!
Purſu'd with Virgins Shrieks, and Widows Tears!
The Curſe of human Kind!

Zaid. With empty Terrors you diſmay your Soul,
Like timerous Infants ſtarting from their Dreams,
That ſhriek and tremble at the horrid Forms
Their Fancies only rais'd.

Iren. Oh never will my raging Griefs aſſwage,
Never ſhall Peace compoſe my troubled Breaſt!
Go, leave me, whilſt I ſeek ſome lonely Shade,

By

By bounteous Nature for my Sorrows made;
A Scene indulgent to *Irene*'s Care,
Black as my Crimes, gloomy as my Deſpair;
There will I mourn, as long as Life ſhall laſt,
My horrid Guilt, and dire Tranſgreſſions paſt;
With Sighs and Tears implore the Pow'rs above,
To let my Life attone for my Licentious Love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Grand Piazza *in the* Seraglio.

Enter Acmet Baſſa, *follow'd by* Muſtapha Aga.

Acm. AWay! I like 'em not; they're Woman's Tears;
Sure thy Misfortunes have unmann'd thy Soul;
I bluſh to ſee an Ott'man General weep.
Muſt. With Tears 'tis Nobler to confeſs our Crimes,
Than brave the Injur'd, and exult in Guilt.
Can *Acmet* be ſo exquiſitely Good,
So Generous, to forgive my Jealouſie,
And the unjuſt Suſpicions of a Friend,
So much, ſo long belov'd?
Acm. I have not leiſure to examine well
My Breaſt, nor dare I put the Queſtion to my Heart.
My Honour thou haſt wrong'd, unkindly wrong'd,
My Love ſuſpected, and condemn'd thy Friend.
Say, *Muſtapha*, ſay, runs the Charge not ſo?
Didſt thou not thus accuſe me to thy Soul?
Muſt. Unskill'd in the Deluſions of a Court,
Iugloriouſly I fell into the Snares
The Crafty *Vizier* laid, by him deceiv'd,
I thought my Ruin dreadful from my Friend.
Acm. Tho' from my Youth I have been bred in War,
Arms my Delight, and Honour my Purſuit,
Let Shame and Infamy be my Reward,
Whenever *Acmet* entertains a Thought
Baſe and ungenerous of the Man he loves.
Henceforth remember, whilſt I have a Sword,
A Heart to love, and Hand to execute,
They're all devoted to my Prince and Friend. *Muſt.*

Must. And wou'd our Prince command thy faithful Sword
Where Honour and our injur'd Country calls,
We need not fine for Cowards, nor with Sums
Immenſe, purchaſe diſhoneſt and inglorious Peace.
Acm. Nay, if thou haſt our common Fate in view,
Our waining Creſcents, and neglected Throne
Open the flowing Torrents of thy Eyes,
And let inceſſant Flouds run guſhing down:
For when a Soldier only dares complain,
With Honour he may uſe the Female Arms,
Of empty Sighs and Tears.
Must. We have a Prince, a Glorious Godlike Prince,
Great as the Heroes moſt renown'd of Old;
Commanding Conqueſt, form'd for mighty War;
The Boaſt of Arms, and Bounty of the Gods:
But Pleaſures charm him, ſoft enchanting Joys
Betray his Vertue, captivate his Soul,
And break the Promiſe of his Glorious Reign.
Acm. When *Mahomet's* auſpicious Sway began,
The Rowzing Genius of our Empire wak'd
From a long Lethargy of deadly Sleep,
And ſtretching forth his Limbs as wanting Room,
Shot outward our Dominions o're the Globe;
Wide as the Starry Poles of Heav'n Extent,
He ſpread his Conqueſts or'e the vanquiſh'd Earth;
His early Youth the Sacred Purple won,
And doubly dy'd it with *Ceſarian* Blood,
His Triumphs with Immortal Glories ſhine,
Entailing Empire on the Ott'man Line.
Must. The Eaſtern World, like a conſenting Maid,
Came warm and panting to his fond Embrace;
The fierce *Caſſanes* fled before his Arms;
Thrice from their Plains he drove the Perſian Hoſts,
Made *Iſhmael* tremble in his *Iſpahan*,
And half *Euphrates* own him for its Lord.
Acm. But now as faſt the Provinces revolt,
And ſpurn the gauling Yoke of Servitude,
When none dare goad them on.

Muſt. Our ſinking Empire now as ſwift declines,
As Bodies languiſh by a fierce Diſeaſe;
Backward the Vital Spirits till retire,
And fly tumultuous to the Seats of Life,
Whilſt ſtiff'ning Colds ſeize the deſerted Limbs,
And cloſe up every Paſs.
Acm. And yet, my Friend,
So much I love this Great, this wondrous Man,
That never Roman for his Country fell
With ſuch a longing Appetite for Death,
As I to clear his Honour with my Blood;
Again to make his fading Glories ſhine,
Or nobly periſh in the brave Deſign.
Muſt. But inacceſſible to all he lives;
Fidlers, Buffoons, and wanton beardleſs Boys,
The lov'd Companions of his Midnight Joys;
To Myrtle Shades he dedicates the Day,
And Wine and Revels paſs the Nights away:
Or at *Irene's* Feet the Monarch lies,
With Tears complains, implores with tender Sighs,
And gazing drinks the Poyſon from her Eyes.
Acm. In the full Vigour of his Manly Age,
Dead to the World, regardleſs of a Crown!
To Empire loſt, and Prodigal of Fame! ——
Three Nights, the Poets ſay, Almighty *Jove*,
Indulg'd the Pleaſures of licentious Love;
For Beauty left the Heav'ns Imperial Throne,
And laid the Sacred Weight of Empire down:
But ſoon the God did his raſh Choice repent,
And grudg'd ſo great a ſpace ignobly ſpent;
His Three long Nights contracted into one,
And hid his Weakneſs from the Riſing Sun. *Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

Scene, *A Myrtle Grove in the Gardens of the* Seraglio, *adorn'd with Statues and Fountains; The Emperour in a Rich Pavilion lying on a Couch, effeminately dreſs'd after the Grecian Manner, under a Canopy of State. Eunuchs, Mutes and Guards. A Song and Turkiſh Dance. Which ended, the Emperour riſes, and advances towards the Front.*

The Song.

Ye ſighing Winds that fill the Air,
Far hence the mournful Accents bear;
Your Murmurs, gentle Floods, reſtrain;
Nor let the Turtle here complain.
Theſe happy Shades no Sorrows know,
Where melting Joys, and ſofter Pleaſures flow.

2.

Here let wanton Zephires play,
To fan the ſultry Heats of Day;
In bubbling Streams the Fountains ſpring,
And Birds in pleaſing Conſorts ſing;
Where all the ſmiling Loves reſort,
Where Beauty reigns, and Venus *keeps her Court.*

Emp. Not the fond Bridegroom on his Wedding-night,
Eager with Love, with Expectation fix'd,
And languiſhing for the approaching Joy,
Feels half the Tranſports, half the fierce Deſires,
As now inflame and ſcorch my longing Soul:
And yet the fair Ingrate makes no Returns,
Inſenſible of all my tender Pains,
Deaf to my Vows, and cold to my Embrace.

[*Enter an Eunuch.*

Enter Irene.

Why, my *Irene*, why theſe Sable Weeds?
Is this a Habit proper for our Loves?
To meet my Paſſion, and receive my Flame?
Say, lovely Tyrant of my injur'd Heart,

Tell

Tell me, thou charming, but too cruel Fair,
Is this ſad Garb the Signal of my Fate?
And muſt I periſh by thy fix'd Diſdain?
Iren. Alas, my Lord! will you encreaſe the Woes
That ſink me down, and weigh me to the Earth?
Ah! rather leave me to conſume with Tears,
Forgotten let the poor *Irene* dye,
For ever blotted from your Royal Heart,
Rather than give your Breaſt a Moments Care.
Emp. Leave thee! Forget thee! Blot thee from my Heart!
Erace the dear Impreſſion of thy Charms!
Thou lovely Idol of my raviſh'd Soul,
Sooner thou'lt ſee me breathleſs, pale, and dead,
Intomb'd in the cold Boſom of the Earth,
Yet warmer far than my *Irene's* Breaſt.
Iren. Live you, my Lord, for many happy Years,
And from a Thouſand willing Beauties chuſe
Some fairer Object, worthy of your Love,
Whilſt I purſue the mournful Tracks of Fate,
Death's cold Embraces, and the peaceful Grave.
Emp. Yes, thou ungrateful, thou remorſleſs fair,
Thy Scorn will finiſh what thy Eyes began,
And drive this hated Object to his Tomb.
Then thou wilt ſmile, then wipe thy Tears away,
And boaſt the Triumph of thy fierce Diſdain
To ſome more happy, more deſerving Man.
Iren. Does cold Diſdain become my Captive State?
A Slave like me's diveſted of her Pride.
Emp. See, proud Triumpher o're my ſlighted Heart,
Behold a ſuppliant Monarch at your Feet!
Have you not Kingdoms, Empires at Command?
Are not the Eaſt and Weſtern Worlds your own,
And all the Treaſures of the ranſack'd Globe?
And in return I only ask thy Love,
Irene's Love, that far tranſcends them all.
Iren. What has diſtreſs'd *Irene* more to give?
My ſully'd Beauties are my only Store;
O're them you have a Victor's pow'rful right,
Slaves to your Pleaſures, Subject to your Will.

Emp. Is all to Conqueſt, nothing due to Love?
Still cold, inſenſible of all my Pains!
But why this ſad, this melancholly Garb?
What new unpractis'd Method haſt thou found
To raiſe my Torments, and diſtract my Soul?

Iren. This annual Debt I to my Country owe,
My murder'd Parents, and extinguiſh'd Race.
This fatal Day the Grecian Empire fell;
The Soldiers Fury, and deſtructive Sword,
Sent both my ſlaughter'd Parents to the Grave:
But me with Savage Cruelty they ſpar'd,
Spar'd to ſurvive my wretched Country's Fate,
A mourning Orphan, and unhappy Slave.

Emp. Then 'tis the Day that gave *Irene* to me,
Dearer than Empire of more Worth than all
My Conqueſts gain'd beſide ——
Yet I cou'd mourn the fatal Victory,
Whoſe ſad Remembrance wounds thy tender Heart;
Nay, curſe the Sword that undiſtinguiſh'd ſhed
One Drop of Blood of dear *Irene*'s Race.

Iren. Leave me, my Lord, abandon'd to my Griefs;
Permit me to indulge my mournful Thoughts,
And pay the ſilent Tribute of my Tears.

Emp. Deny'd to love, I will thy Sorrows ſhare;
If thou wilt grieve, thou ſhalt lament in State,
And have the World the Conſort of thy Woes.
An univerſal Mourning I'll decree;
With Sables ſhall the gloomy Streets be hung;
The Voice of Harmony ſhall not be heard,
And the loud Inſtruments of War be mute;
Traffick ſhall ceaſe, Labour be at an End,
And Sighs and Groans ſupply the Uſe of Speech,
To grace thy Tears and ſolemnize thy Woe.

Iren. Why do you prove ſo exquiſitely good
To an ungrateful, and a Bankrupt Wretch,
Unworthy this Profuſion of your Love?

Emp. O thou lov'd Tyrant of my doating Heart!
Whoſe Eyes, like Lightning, pierce my inmoſt Soul,
And ſcatter Flames thro' ev ry glowing Vein.

Come,

Come, come, retire where Youth and Beauty call,
Where Shades invite, and murm'ring Waters fall;
Where Myrtle Bowers a grateful Covering ſpread,
And mingling Sweets compoſe thy fragrant Bed:
There let me fold thee in my eager Arms,
Riot in Beauty, and expire with Charms;
With fondeſt Vows thy mournful Thoughts remove,
And heal thy Grief with balmy Sweets of Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. HOW am I chang'd ſince firſt my guilty Soul
Conſented to this horrid Act of Blood!
My penſive Days, and Terrors of the Night
That haunt my Slumbers, and diſtract my Dreams,
Give me a dreadful Taſt of what's to come. ——
Farewel to Reſt, adieu my Peace of Mind,
Thou nobleſt Treaſure that the World contains,
For ever loſt to me.

Enter Aratus.

Arat. Pyrrhus, of late thou doſt avoid my Paths,
And ſhunn'ſt the Converſation of thy Friend.
I wou'd not do that Violence to Love,
As to ſuſpect my *Pyrrhus* alter'd Breaſt;
I rather hope thou envy'ſt me a Share
Of Fame and Glory in our great Revenge.

Pyr. All is not well within.
My flagging Soul ſcarce animates my Frame,
And a perpetual Gloom dejects my Mind.
If I avoid thee, 'tis in Kindneſs done,
Leſt my infectious Sorrows reach thy Heart,
And wound thy generous Breaſt.

Arat. Shake off this Fit of melancholly Thought;
Revenge, my *Pyrrhus* is a glorious Sound:
To ſwell thy Veins, and glad thy drooping Heart,
Amidſt the Revels of the *Byram* Feaſt,
Great *Mahomet* ſhall bleed, the Tyrant falls.

A Sacrifice to all our murder'd Race,
To injur'd Honour, and *Irene's* Fame.
Pyr. And yet this Tyrant, Cruel as he is,
With generous Pity has unloos'd my Chains,
Freed me from Servitude, Diſgrace and Want,
And plac'd me in his Boſom next his Heart.
Arat. Ha! Does my Senſe convey the Sound aright,
Or do my Fears elude and mock my Soul?
I'd ſooner think my Faculties betray'd,
Than raſhly entertain a Thought of thee
So deſpicably baſe.
Pyr. And yet Ingratitude's a baſer Crime,
And what my Soul abhorrs.
Arat. Eternal Shame of great *Juſtinian's* Race,
So ſoon haſt thou forgot his Savage Pride,
His horrid Triumphs, and his Feaſts of Blood!
When at each Health an hundred Noble Greeks
Of high Deſcent fell Victims to his Rage!
And tho' their Veins flow'd with Illuſtrious Blood,
Like Slaves they ſuffer'd Ignominious Fates.
Pyr. I prithee ſpare my Griefs the diſmal Tale.
Arat. No; ſince the Space of three revolving Years
Has blotted the Memorial from thy Breaſt
Of loſt *Conſtantinople's* bloody Scenes,
Our ruin'd Empire, and our Princes Fate;
I'll add to theſe thy Noble Father's Blood,
Thy Mothers Murder, and *Irene's* Shame.
Pyr. Think not my Soul's inſenſible of Wrong:
But why, like Villains, at the Midnight hour
Muſt we embrew our hands in Royal Blood?
To take him unprepar'd with all his Sins,
And with a Stab to drive him headlong down
To Hell's Abyſs, and Everlaſting Woes:
My ſhiv'ring Blood runs backward in my Veins,
Recoyling at the Thoughts of ſuch a Crime.
Arat. By Heav'n I'd ſtab him in the very Act,
Murder him glowing with *Irene's* Love;
In the full Rage of his Tumultuous Joys,
I'd ſtab th' Imperial Tarquin in her Arms;

With Pleaſure view the Anguiſh of his Soul,
And chaſe him downward to the loweſt Hell.
Pyr. Hear me, *Aratus*, and with Temper hear:
Let Honour judge, and Virtue plead my Cauſe.
Arat. Bluſh, *Ozmin*, bluſh at mentioning their Names;
Thou vile Renouncer of thy Chriſtian Faith,
To Heav'n Apoſtate, Traytor to thy Prince,
Falſe to thy Vows, thy Country and thy Friend.
Pyr. Yet calm thy Paſſions, and conſent to hear.
Arat. Revenge, like mine, diſdains thy feeble Arm,
Againſt this proud Uſurper of my Bed.
Hence, from this Moment I diſclaim thy Love,
Baniſh'd my Breaſt, and painful to my Sight;
My Sword ſhall do my injur'd Honour Right. [*Exit* Arat.
Pyr. 'Tis true, I am that falſe abandon'd Wretch,
To Honour, Friendſhip and Religion loſt;
Tempted with hopes of my aſpiring Love,
I Heav'n renounc'd abjur'd the Pow'rs above.
Now by my hand ſhall Royal Blood be ſpilt?
Shall I add Murder to my monſtrous Guilt?
Rather with Tears I'll angry Heav'n attone,
Forgive his Crimes, and deprecate my own.

SCENE III. *A Room of State.*

Enter Emperour *and* Sultana.

Sult. Oppreſs'd with Bus'neſs, and the Toils of State
Unable to ſuſtain an Empire's weight,
Let, *Mahomet*, your Mother's Tears prevail,
Let me at length the ſacred Charge reſign,
Some reſpit give to my declining Years,
And eaſe me of the Burden of your Cares.
Emp. Madam, I thought the Grandeur of a Throne
Had laſting Beauties to engage your Heart:
Pow'r and Dominion from your early Youth
Have been the darling Idols of your Soul:
But if they're irkſome grown ——
Are there not Millions of officious Slaves

To

To ease your Labours, and relieve your Cares?
If wanting in their Duty or Respect,
You know the Bowstring's Use.
Sult. They better know how to affront my Power,
And to insult me with audacious Speech.
Emp. Affront your Power!
The Honour of a King is now concern'd,
My Dignity's at Stake. ——————
But say, what Wretch so prodigal of Life,
Unmindful of the Pale, and torturing Gaunch,
Durst use that fatal Impudence of Speech,
Or in your Character affront my own?
Sult. Imperious *Acmet*, and proud *Mustapha*,
Who with licentious and unbridl'd Tongues
Censure my Conduct, and reproach your own.
Emp. *Acmet*, the kind Instructor of my Youth,
That taught me first the Noble Use of Arms!
And *Mustapha*, the Darling of my Heart,
My Friend in Peace, Companion of the War!
They'd sooner bathe a Dagger in their Breasts,
Than cast a Blemish on their *Sultan*'s Fame.
Sult. Yet both inveigh'd against the *Persian* League,
In full *Divan*, and tax'd your Government
In most seditious and reproachful Words.
Emp. War's their Profession, 'tis a Soldier's Trade;
Of Peace impatient, and promoting Arms;
Unknowing Eloquence, and soft Addrels,
Their Words might sound harsh in a Lady's Ear
'Twas only Want of Courtship, not Respect.
Sult. If you their Advocate defend their Crimes,
Let injur'd Majesty still suffer on,
And bear the Insults of presumptive Slaves;
Let Treason prosper, let Sedition thrive,
Till Tumult thunders at the Palace Gates,
And yonr lov'd *Bassa*'s lead the Rebels on.
Emp. I know their Honour, and experienced Faith,
Not Racks, not Wheels, nor Tortures, cou'd extort
An unkind Murmur from their generous Breasts,
So well my faithful Soldiers love their Lord.

Sult. Deluded Prince! blind to approaching Fate,
Behold your Error, nor repent too late:
In your own Bosom are the Vipers found;
Embrac'd, they poyson; and whilst cherish'd, wound.
Emp. In Crowns and Scepters is there not enough,
Enough in my Dominions vast extent
To glut your Pride, Ambition and Revenge:
But you must sacrifice the Men I love?
Whoe're attempts to do them Violence,
Had better from a raging Tyger's Breast
Unarm'd to force away her tender Young.
Farther 'tis dangerous to tempt my Rage.
Tho' to your Hands my Empire I resign,
My Mistress and my Friend shall still be mine. [*Exit.*
Sult. I combat Winds, and struggle with a Storm,
Whose wild impetuous Fury drives me back,
And hurries me still distant from the Shoar:
Yet, haughty Prince, I will have my Revenge;
And, since Ambition has their Dooms decreed,
They both must perish, or your self shall bleed. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Enter Acmet *and* Mustapha Aga.

Acm. Here let me breathe, or I shall burst with Rag
Burst with the fierce Resentments of my Soul.
Oh for the temperate Cowards meek excuse!
That Christian Virtue, Womans last Redress,
For Patience, to asswage my swelling Heart!
Must. I saw the sordid Vizier's Insolence,
His slight Regards, and most affrontive Looks;
He that had never Courage in the Field
To face his Foe, or stand a Soldiers Charge,
Elate with Pow'r protected by his Post,
Assum'd the empty Terror of a Frown,
As he cou'd scare our Souls.
Acm. And yet he trembl'd like a frighted Girl,
Shook with his Fears, and sunk beneath his Guilt:

So great an Awe Superior Virtue ſtrikes
Upon an abject Mind.

Muſt. And he but the *Sultana's* Inſtrument,
Whoſe wild Ambition, and aſpiring Pride,
Has drove us to Deſtructions utmoſt Verge,
And will purſue us to the Grave.

Acm. I know her haughty fierce *Circaſſan* Soul,
Unknowing Mercy doating on Revenge,
With a voluptuous Appetite to Blood. ——
Hah! ——

Enter Balbanus Baſſa.

Renown'd *Balbanus*, welcome to the Port.

Muſt. Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, welcome to my Arms!

[*As going to embrace him.*

Bal. *Acmet* forbear, and *Muſtapha* ſtand off;
Survey me at a diſtance with your Eyes,
Then tell me by the Love you bear to Arms,
To ſlighted Virtue, and to Honours Name,
What is the loath'd Infection in my Face,
That as I paſs'd, the frighted *Baſſa's* fled,
And ſhun'd me as the Plague.

Acm. Why thou'rt a Soldier, that's Offence enough,
Odiouſly honeſt, criminally brave.
A Warrier is a Monſter to the Court;
They're clapt like Lyons up to roar in Dens,
Expos'd to Scorn, Deriſion and Contempt,
The Sport and Mirth of the prophaner Crowd.

Muſt. Shake off the awful Terror of thy Brow,
And hurl thy generous Weapon from thy Thigh,
Get thee a gay embroider'd Perſian Veſt,
Rail at the Camp, the Diſcipline of War,
Oppreſs the Needy, Idolize the Great;
And then, *Balbanus*, you may riſe to be ——

Bal. The worthleſs deſpicable Whretch I hate.
Firſt in my batter'd Armour let me rot,
Rot in a Soldiers honourable Rags,
Wichout a Blemiſh on *Balbanus* Name,
Sooner than purchaſe by diſhoneſt Arts
An Empire greater than the World contains.

Acm.

Acm. Back, gen'rous Friend, to thy Important Charge,
Go reign in Camps and ſway the duſty Plains;
Thy Virtues with reproachful Luſtre ſhine;
Honour and Merit here may give diſguſt,
You bring offenſive Qualities to Court.

Bal. Think'ſt thou my Bus'neſs is to complement?
With Wrongs I come, expoſtulating Wrongs,
With Injuries that prompt and urge my Tongue.
To utter honeſt, but provoking Truth.

Acm. Nay then, *Balbanus*, Patience be thy Guide,
And may thy Virtue fortify thy Soul.
Addreſs the Winds, implore the Stormy Deep,
But ſue not to inexorable Power,
Unmov'd as Fate, obdurate as the Grave.

Bal. I ſue to *Acmet*, General of our Arms,
The great Lieutenant of the Eaſt and Weſt,
Our *Sultan's* ſecond ſelf, and once my Friend;

Acm. Thou giv'ſt me ſounding Honours, pompous Names,
All empty Titles, and devoid of Pow'r.
Now by the Glories of our Ott'man Race,
There's not a Page or Eunuch in the Court
But can command much more than *Acmet* dares;
All I can boaſt, I'm ſtill *Balbanus* Friend.

Bal. Then *Italy's* delightful Plains adieu,
Of Conqueſts purchas'd with our Noble Blood,
Otrantis feeble Walls alone remain,
And that laſt Stake of Fortune might be ſav'd.

Acm. It might, my brave Epirot: But, alaſs!----

Bal. Why theſe repeated Sighs, and ſad alaſs?
Where's our Victorious *Sultan's* great Deſigns
Of Univerſal Empire o're the Globe,
Of forcing *Rome's* Imperial Capitol,
Again to dictate Laws to Human kind?

Muſt. Thoſe glorious Thoughts, my Friend, are now no more;
The Tyrant Love diſarms our Heroe's Soul,
And empties his whole Quivers in his Heart;
Deluding Pleaſures, ſoft inſnaring Joys.
Compel Ambition from his generous Breaſt,
And Beauty triumphs o're neglected Fame.

Acm. And ſhall this Great, this Godlike Prince be loſt,
Ignobly loſt, His Honour thus betray'd?
Now by the *Alchorans* amazing Truths,
And by my Sword, Avenger of my Wrongs, [*Draws his Sword*
Which thus I kiſs, to bind the ſolemn Vow,
Never ſhall fear of Death, nor fix'd Diſgrace,
Nor Loſs of Honour, Fortunes or Command,
Deter me from all honourable ways
To wean him from the fair Deluders Arms,
To wipe the Stain from his Immortal Fame;
And raiſe again the Terror of his Name.

Muſt. Thus with a Kiſs I ratify the Oath.

Bal. Thus glad *Balbanus* prints it on the Blade.

Acm. Yet cautiouſly, my Friends, with wary Steps;
Upon Deſtruction's narrow brink we tread,
Upon a Precipice's ſteepy Ridge,
Where one falſe Step's inevitable Fate.

Muſt. Though Death and Ruin glar'd me in the Face,
I wou'd confront the Horrors of the Grave,
Once more to throw me at his Royal Feet,
With Glory's Charms his Boſom to inſpire,
And quench his Paſſion with a nobler Fire.

Bal. Come then, my Friends, inſtruct me as we paſs,
In all the fatal and amazing Change,
That has divorc'd our *Sultan* from the World,
And thus involv'd his ſinking Empires Weight
In an Abyſs of Woe.

Acm. With Wonder firſt his Actions we'll relate,
And all the Triumphs that confeſs him great;
How Fortune ſmil'd, how Fame with laviſh Praiſe,
And Glory deck'd him with her brighteſt Rays:
In ſadder Accents then lamenting tell
How Love has vanquiſh'd, and the Victor fell. *Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Scene the Emperors *Apartments.*

Enter Emperor, Pyrrhus, *Guards, Eunuchs.*

Emp. Let the *Italian* Band of Muſick wait
To an Eunuch entring.
Within the Myrtle Grove —— A Gloom like Death
Sits heavy on my Soul. ——
My Spirits jar, and Diſcord fills my Breaſt;
I'll try the wondrous Pow'r of Harmony
To raiſe my drooping Thought.

Pyr. Inly I mourn to ſee my *Sultan* grieve,
And ſink beneath his Cares.

Emp. Ozmin, to thee I will reveal my Heart:
This Morning at the early Dawn of Light
I dreamt the lov'd *Irene* by me lay
Stabb'd to the Heart, and weltring in her Blood.
Wak'd with the Horror of the dreadful Dream
Aſtoniſh'd I ſprung upward from my Bed,
And found I graſp'd a Dagger in my hand,
Impurpil'd with her Gore.
Enrag'd I hurl'd the Weapon ſwift away;
But whether Chance alone, or conſcious Fate
Directed to the place the deſtin'd point,
It pierc'd *Irene's* Picture through the Breaſt;

Pyr. Meer Accident! the blind Effects of Chance.

Emp. Yet I diſlike the Omen of my Dream.

Pyr. Dreams are but wanton Salleys of the Mind,
The Fancies ſport, and Revels of the Soul.

Emp. But cou'd a Dream pollute the burniſh'd Steel,
Or give the deep Vermillion to the Blade?

Pyr. No, my dread Lord: It was *Doreni's* Blood
That periſh'd by your hand.

Emp. Doreni ſlain! What murder'd by my hands!
In frantick Paſſion, and Exceſs of Wine!
Deteſted Wine!

Well

Well has our Prophet curs'd thee by his Law,
Whose soft Allurements, and resistless Force
Divest a Man of Reason's nobler Sway;
Strip him of Honour, Virtue, Sense and Shame,
Defenceless leave him to each raging Vice,
Parent of Guilt, and Source of ev'ry Crime.

Pyr. The faithful Eunuch with his dying Breath
Mourn'd your Displeasure more than Loss of Life.

Emp. Are these the boasted Triumphs of my Arms?
Is all my Glory come to Midnight Brawls?
To butcher Eunuchs, stab my faithful Slaves?
By Heav'n I shall turn common Murderer;
In the wild Frenzy of my next Debauch,
I shall assault the tender Female Herd,
Chase ev'ry trembling Beauty with my Sword,
And plunge my Dagger in their panting Breasts.
Blush, *Mahomet*; thou Royal Monster, blush;
For Brutes are gentle, Savages are kind,
Compar'd to thy inhuman Thirst of Blood
Thou Curse of Empire, Bane of human kind. [*Enter a Mute.*

Pyr. The banish'd Generals wait by your Command,
And beg to pay their Duty at your Feet. [*Exit* Pyrrhus.

Emp. 'Tis well ——
These are the Men of the whole World I love,
And yet the Men whose Virtues most I dread.
But why these Terrors? Whence this ser vile Awe?
When Fame and Honour were my faithful Guards,
The Soul of *Mahomet* disdain'd to fear;
But Luxury and Vice debase a Prince,
And sink the Monarch down beneath his Slaves.

Enter Acmet *and* Mustapha Aga, Pyrrhus.

Acm. Once more do I behold my *Sultan*'s Face!
Am I again admitted to his Presence!
To cast me prostrate at his Royal Feet,
And there expire with the transporting Joy!

Emp. Acmet, thou kind Director of my Youth,
In War my Guide, my Councellor in Peace,
Thy rigid Virtue, and experienc'd Love,
For ever fix thee in thy Master's Heart. ——

Why,

Why, *Muſtapha*, this awful Diſtance kept? [*To the* Aga.
Why doſt thou thus ſurvey me with thy Eyes,
As if transform'd from what I was before,
Thou ſtandſt aſtoniſh'd at the wondrous Change?
Muſt. With ſuch Devotion, ſuch an holy Awe,
As we approach our *Meccha*'s bleſſed Shrine,
Such to my ſacred Emperour I pay;
Nor dare I truſt me with a nearer View,
Leſt in the eager Raptures of my Joy
I ſhou'd forget the Duty of a Slave,
And with preſumptuous Fondneſs claim my Friend.
Emp. O *Muſtapha*! Thy kindneſs wounds my Soul:
But ſee how wretched is a Monarch's State,
Excluded from the tendereſt Scenes of Life!
Debarr'd the Joys that ſacred Friendſhip yields!
So far is Freedom from a Throne remov'd,
I love reſtrain'd with Terror am belov'd!
Muſt. When thronging Nations did your Triumphs wait,
And the whole Pomp of War adorn'd your State,
Your wondring Subjects worſhip'd as you rode,
Their Prince ador'd like a deſcending God;
Loud Acclamations fill'd the Vaulted Skies,
They bleſs'd you with their Lips, devour'd you with their Eyes.
Acm. 'Tis this employs the Hundred Mouths of Fame,
To boaſt your Triumphs, and diffuſe your Name;
Your Youth has *Alexander*'s Acts outdone,
More Battles fought, and nobler Conqueſts won.
Wou'd *Mahomet* his Victories purſue,
And let th'aſtoniſh'd World his Virtues view,
Your matchleſs Valour wou'd Precedence claim,
And *Cæſar*'s then be but the ſecond Name.
Emp. The Globe, my *Aga*, is not worth our Care;
Glory and Fame but empty Blaſts of Air;
The treacherous Guides I did too long purſue;
But undeceiv'd, now bid the World adieu.
Let Scepter'd Slaves court faithleſs Power in vain;
Let Madmen fight, and blind Ambition reign;
For nobler Joys an Empire I reſign,
And find in peaceful Shades a Pleaſure more Divine.

Muſt.

Must. Farewell to the lov'd Glories of the Field;
Conqueſt and Lawrels now to Pleaſures yield;
Wars mighty Triumphs I no more purſue,
Blaſted are all its Charms, depriv'd of you.
Acm. In lonely Deſarts, ſome abandon'd Place,
I'll waſt the poor Remainder of my Days;
There will I mourn as long as Life ſhall laſt
With fond Remembrance of your Triumphs paſt;
Think o're the Glorious Acts your Youth has done
Whilſt you retire from Fame and Conqueſt ſhun;
Diſdain the Scepters that you might poſſeſs,
And ſlight the Empire of the Univerſe.
Emp. Rather with me to pleaſing Shades retire,
And quench Ambitions with a nobler Fire:
Since empty Fame no ſolid Bliſs can give,
From me, my Soldiers, learn the Art to live;
To ſparkling Bowls we'll brighter Beauty joyn,
And Love inſpire with Mirht and ſprightly Wine,
Our ſmiling Days ſhall paſs in fond Delight,
And melting Joys endear our Genial Nights;
With Friendſhip bleſs'd, and Beauty ever kind,
Like me yeu'll ſcorn the World you leave behind. [*Exeunt omnes*

SCENE II.

A private Walk in the Garden.

Enter Aratus *and* Irene *as meeting.*

Arat. I Own my mighty Sufferings now o'repay'd,
This condeſcending Goodneſs to my Vows
Has more than ballanc'd all my former Wrongs;
Ev'n my Revenge at ſight of thee grows huſh'd,
My Chains ſit eaſy, and my Bondage light.
Iren. Tho' you, *Aratus*, are the Man on Earth
That I with guilty Bluſhes ought to ſhun,
And fly the Preſence of a Prince I've wrong'd;
Yet ſee the Pow'r y'have o're my eaſy Heart,
Tho' Death attends the fatal Interview,

I pay Obedience to the hard Command,
Becauſe enjoin'd by you.
Arat. Not the dear Moment I beheld thee firſt,
When my fond Soul ſtood hovering at my Eyes,
And ev'ry Paſſage of my yielding Heart
Expanded wide to take the Charmer in,
Gave thee that Empire, that unbounded Sway,
Nor ſcatter'd half the Flames around my Breaſt,
As I this Moment feel.
Iren. May you be happy with ſome beauteous Bride,
Whoſe Innocence is worthy of your Vows;
Whilſt I, excluded the chaſte Name of Wife,
Seek ſome far diſtant Shelter from my Guilt,
A Refuge to protect me from my Shame,
In long Oblivion loſt.
Arat. No; Thy Heart's free, thy Breaſt ſtill innocent,
As Cryſtal Streams, unſully'd by the Blaſt
Of ruffling Winds, and the loud Tempeſts rage.
I know the Tyrant has a Brutal Soul,
He us'd thee as a Captive of the Sword,
Compell'd thee trembling to his luſtful Arms,
Involv'd in helpleſs Guilt.
Iren. Yes, the ſtern Victor forc'd me to his Bed;
By the diſhevel'd Hair he dragg'd me on,
And made his Dagger glitter in my Eyes,
Uplifted oft, and pointed to my Breaſt;
Loud and deſtructive as a Storm he rag'd,
Till dead with Fears, and fainting on the Floor,
In that ſhort Interval of Life and Death,
He robb'd me of the only Treaſure left,
My Honour and my Fame.
Arat. For which I'll bathe this fatal Dagger deep
In the curs'd Tyrant's Heart.
Thy Injuries impatient call for Blood,
And the fix'd Hour of Vengeance is at hand,
That cancels all our Wrongs.
Iren. 'Tis Heav'n alone can puniſh Princes Crimes,
To Heav'n commit your Cauſe.

Arat. Has he not held me in inglorious Chains?
Has he not laid my Ruin'd Country waſte,
My Bed diſhonour'd, and uſurp'd my Crown?
No; my firm Soul's reſolv'd, unmov'd as Fate;
Nor to regain the Throne of *Conſtantine*
Wou'd I forego the Proſpect of Revenge,
The pleaſing hopes of Blood.

Iren. A baſe Revenge *Aratus* will not take,
Nor act beneath the noble Character
A *Grecian* Worthy bears.

Arat. Irene, do not awake a jealous Thought,
Nor give ſuch juſt Suſpicion to my Fears,
Leſt I impute thy Tenderneſs to Love,
Love of a Tyrant that has wrong'd thee moſt,
That moſt my Soul abhors.

Iren. No; cou'd my Heart conſent to ſuch a Crime,
I need not groan beneath the Load of Life,
Nor thus conſume my Days in Sighs and Tears,
To expiate my Guilt.

Arat. Then quit the Tyrant, and forſake his Bed,
Return the lov'd Companion of my Flight,
And *Corinth* ſhall receive thee for her Queen,
Belov'd without a Crime.

Iren. Alas, *Aratus!* We muſt never meet;
Mountains of Crimes, of horrid monſtrous Crimes,
Eternal Bars of Infamy, are thrown
Betwixt our hopeleſs Loves.

Arat. Does not a Husband, thy much injur'd Lord,
With fond Indulgence pardon all that's paſt?
With longing Arms receive thee to his Breaſt,
Invite the lovely Partner of his Bed,
By ſolemn Vows his Wife?

Iren. No; Cou'd I come a Virgin to thy Arms,
With Innocence and Virtue for my Dower,
I'd meet thy Paſſion with an equal Flame:
But I'll not wed thee to my Infamy,
Nor fix the Blemiſh on *Aratus* Name
Of a Polluted Bride.

Arat. 'Tis all Evaſion, and thy Sex's Guile:
But I'am a Husband, made the Stale of Love,
Deſign'd for Injuries, and form'd for Wrongs.
Yes, thou Prefidious! Thou would'ſt have me go,
But far from thee, and thy Adult'rous Flame,
No more to interrupt your looſer Hours,
Nor check the Joys of thy Licentious Bed.
Iren. Yes, thy Reproaches I'll with Patience bear,
But never add to my Tranſgreſſions paſt;
Nor more increaſe the Horror of my Guilt;
But far as Earth's extreameſt Verge I'll fly,
To waſte my Days in Penitence and Tears,
And put a laſting Period to my Woes.
Arat. Yet e'er thou go'ſt, thou ſhalt my Vengeance ſee,
See thy lov'd *Sultan* from his Glory fall'n,
Stretch'd on the Earth, and grov'ling in the Duſt;
Perhaps your tender Fondneſs may rebate;
And when you view the Juſtice of my Sword,
Irene then may own her Rightful Lord.

[*Exit.*

Irene ſola.

Thus I'm not only wretched to my ſelf,
But fatal where I'm moſt belov'd.
To my own Griefs, I have my Sex's Curſe;
For doubly wretched is a Woman's State,
By Love betray'd, defenceleſs in her Hate;
Her Empire's loſt, whoſe eaſie Heart is won;
If Coy, ſhe's ſlighted; and when kind, undone.

[*Exit.*

Scene the Sultana's *Apartment.*

Enter the Sultana *and* Grand Vizier.

She ſpeaks as Entring.

WHY doſt thou labour to convince my Fears?
Can'ſt thou perſuade the ſinking Mariner,
That ſees his Veſſel foundring in the Deep,
He has no cauſe to fear?
I tell thee, *Vizier*, my preſaging Soul
Finds but too juſt a Cauſe.

Viz. Yet hear me, Madam, and my Reaſons hear.

Sult. Talk to the Seas, and reaſon down the Wind.
Has he not ſeen both our inveterate Foes?
With open Arms receiv'd the Men I hate?
And is not fierce *Balbanus* juſt arriv'd,
By Fortune's Spite, and Malice of our Stars,
To fill the *Sultan*'s Ears with loud Complaints?
To charge with heavy Grievances the State,
And urge our Ruin on?

Viz. I ſee the Storm hang low'ring o'er our Heads,
Which now my Soul is lab'ring to divert;
For if it fall, low as the Grave I ſink.
None e'er ſurviv'd the *Vizier*'s Dignity;
The Bow-ſtring follows the departed Seals,
As Night the Setting Sun.

Sult. Then put the States-Man on, reſume thy ſelf,
Search all the winding Mazes of thy Brain,
And work me up a Plot——
Worthy thy ſelf, worthy our great Deſigns,
To baffle Fortune, and elude our Fate.

Viz. 'Tis they themſelves ſhall be the Inſtruments
To fix your Grandeur, and extend your Sway
Beyond its former Bounds.

Sult. Now thou reviv'ſt my dying Hopes again:
But on, my *Vizier*, tell my eager Soul,

What

What moſt it longs to hear.
Viz. This Night the *Sultan* with Imperial State,
In publick celebrates the *Byram* Feaſt;
His War-like Chiefs are to the Banquet bid,
To grace the Triumph, and partake the Joy.
Soon as the Bowl begins the chearful Round,
And Wine and Mirth have rais'd their Spirits high,
Thrown off their Guards, and given their Tongues a looſe
To utter the Reſentments of their Souls,
Then with inſidious Speech I'll lead them on,
Conduct 'em to the *Precipices* Brink,
From whence they ſink inevitably down,
In ſure Deſtruction loſt.
Sult. What moſt I dreaded, fills me moſt with Joy;
My Heart begins to reliſh with Delight,
Thy Meaſures of Revenge.
Viz. Balbanus timely comes to our Relief,
Whoſe haughty Temper, and unguarded Speech,
Makes him a proper Engine for our Uſe;
I know he'll gaul the fiery *Sultan*'s Soul
In the moſt tender part.
Sult. Fortune this Night be to our Wiſhes kind,
Smile on Ambition, and a daring Mind;
Give the Wine Strength, and Pleaſure to the Bowl,
Till Rage and Frenzy ſeize the Tyrant's Soul;
Then let dull Honeſty be void of Art,
Prompt the free Tongue, and urge the open Heart,
Till odious Truths are utter'd out of time,
And with their Blood they expiate their Crime.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

Act IV. Scene I.

After a Symphony of Martial Inſtruments, the Scene opens, and diſcovers a Room of State; The Emperor and his Chief Officers riſing from a Magnificent Banquet; *large Pyramids of Lights on each ſide the Stage, as celebrating the* Byram *Feaſt: They advance to the Front with Guards,* &c.

Emperor, Grand Vizier, Acmet, Muſtapha, Balbanus, Ozmin, Baſſa's.

Emp. FILL up the Goblets, let the Trumpets ſound,
Let the loud Inſtruments of War proclaim
The *Byram* Feaſt, and Triumphs of the Night;
Wide as the Univerſe diffuſe the Joy,
And let the Vaſſal Monarchs of the World
Adjourn their Cares in duty to their Lord.

Acm. Let fierce *Caſſanes*, vanquiſh'd thrice in Arms,
And Tributary Princes to your Sword,
Now droop their Heads, and drag their ſervile Chains,
Whilſt vaulted Heav'n reſounds your ſacred Praiſe,
Beyond Great *Ottman*'s, Founder of your Race.

Muſt. Smile, vanquiſh'd *Bajazet*, ill-fated Prince!
From *Alla*'s Paradiſe look ſmiling down,
And bleſs thy Son, Avenger of thy Wrongs.
The haughty *Tartar* ſhall inſult no more,
Nor boaſt the Triumphs of *Angoria*'s Plains;
Myriads of Victims expiate thy Blood,
Legions of Ghoſts attend thy ſullen Shade.

Emp. Tho' Arms and War become a Soldier's Mouth,
Nay, tho' my liſtning Soul dilates with Joy,
Yet now let Battel ceaſe, let Glory reſt,
And all the boaſted Triumphs of the Field,
Whilſt ſofter Scenes, and ſmiling Pleaſures reign.

Viz. Then may the *Grecian* Wonder of the Age,
The faireſt that e'er bleſs'd a Monarch's Arms,
May bright *Irene* crown the ſparkling Bowl.

Emp.

Emp. Thou ſpeak'ſt the Language of my fonder Heart;
My Soul with eager Tranſports meets the Health,
And thus inſatiate takes the Charmer in,
Bid the loud Trumpet, bid the Clarions ſpeak; {*Flouriſh of*
Speak all ye deep mouth'd Engines of the War.—— {*Trumpets.*
Nay, kneel my Soldiers whilſt your *Sultan* kneels,
Adoring thus the Tyrant of your Lord. [*They drink.*
Oh let me dote! let me for ever rave! [*Speaks as riſing.*
Irene's the fix'd Centre of my Soul,
Dearer than Shouts of Triumphs after Fight,
Sweet as the balmy Breath of Eaſtern Groves,
Chaſte as the Bluſhes of the dewy Morn,
And Fair as New-born Light.

Bal. Tho' mighty Heroes have been Slaves to Love,
And Princes moſt renown'd confeſs'd the Pow'r
Of Beauty's Charms, and a fair Tyrant's Sway,
Yet Honour burnt the fiercer in their Breaſts,
And Fame and Glory urg'd the Lovers on,
To ſignalize their Paſſions in the Field,
And make the Dame immortal as their Arms.

Emp. Hah! Why, *Balbanus*, doſt thou knit thy Brow?
Why thus aſſume a Magiſterial Frown,
And dictate ſawcy Wiſdom to thy Lord?
As with a Coward's execrable Name.
Thou ſtrov'ſt to blaſt the Triumphs of my Youth.

Bal. Oh Emperor! thou Idol of my Heart,
Incircl'd with Divinity and Pow'r,
To whom my Soul ſuch Adoration pays,
That I approach your Preſence as a God!
Permit your Soldier trembling at your Feet,
To ſpeak what Honour, Truth and Love inſpire,
In Duty to my Prince.

Emp. Speak on, *Balbanus*, and reproach thy Lord;
'Twas from thy Hands this wondrous Bleſſing came,
This darling Treaſure of my raviſh'd Soul:
Then let Ambition prompt thee how to ask,
To half my Empire raiſe thy juſt Demands,
By *Alla*, and this ſacred Night 'tis thine.

Bal. Your Fame and Honour terminate my Wish;
And if your Soldier has a Thought beyond,
Perdition be my Lot——
Oh mighty Prince! the Glory of our Arms!
The Soul that animates succesful War!
Whilst you withdraw your Presence from the World,
Indulging Love, regardless of a Throne,
Your fading Laurels wither on your Brow,
And mould'ring Empire falls an easie Prey
To ev'ry bold Invader's grasping Hand.

Emp. Be Witness, Heav'n, and judge me all ye Pow'rs!
I'm call'd a Tyrant that delight in Blood;
'Tis said I'm Savage, Insolent and Fierce;
That furious Passions rend my stormy Soul:
What checks my Hand, or what restrains my Arm,
From taking fatal Vengeance thus provok'd,
Repaying back thy Insolence with Blood?

Bal. Tho' Fate attends, and Death pursues my Words,
What Sycophants disguise, what Flatt'ry hides,
And falser Female Arts may palliate o'er,
My Soul shall utter with sincerest Truth.

Emp. Why dost thou grasp at Ruin? why dost thou toil
To raise the dreadful Engine of my Rage,
That levels sure Destruction at thy Head,
Swift as a Tempest rends thee from the Earth,
And hurls thee down Impetuous to the Grave?

Bal. Hourly for you my Life has been expos'd
On Hostile Plains, and the Advent'rous Field;
And if my Blood restores you to your Fame,
Balbanus falls a willing Sacrifice,
And thanks propitious Fate.

Viz. Never was Majesty prophan'd before
With such audacious Speech. Yet, Sacred Sir,
Impute it rather to excess of Wine,
Than Malice or Contempt.

Acm. Hear how the Blood-hound opens at the Trail!
But I'll partake his Fate——

[*Aside to* Mustapha.

Your faithful Soldier speaks the publick Griefs;

The

The Ancient Diſcipline of War's deſpis'd,
And braveſt Leaders of your Hoſt diſgrac'd:
To you alone, who can redreſs our Wrongs,
Whoſe Fame is dearer to our Souls than Life,
Your ſuppliant Soldier's Bow.

Emp. Ungrateful *Acmet!* baſeſt of Mankind!
Are theſe Returns to thy Indulgent Prince
For all my Bounties, all my tender Love?
That thy invenom'd Breath ſhould blaſt my Fame,
And ſide with Traytors to traduce thy Lord?

Viz. Double the Guards at the *Seraglio* Gates;
This ſeems Deſign, 'tis a concerted Plot
Againſt your Dignity and Sacred Life.

Bal. 'Tis falſe, thou baſe Betrayer of thy Prince;
To injur'd Majeſty I now appeal,
And here pronounce thee Traytor to thy Face.

Emp. Inſult my faithful *Vizier* in my Sight!
Traytor, thy Blood ſhall anſwer the Offence;
And, though a Fate too glorious for thy Crimes,
Yet take it from my Hand.

Muſt. Oh Sacred Sir! yet recollect your ſelf,
Nor violate all hoſpitable Laws
With ſuch an horrid Deed.

Emp. Off, Villain, from my Robe,
Leſt thro' thy Breaſt I plunge the pointed Steel,
And drench it in thy Heart.

Acm. Think on the Curſe, the Execrable Curſe,
That bind up Princes Hands like common Slaves,
Denouncing Woes on his deteſted Head,
That deſecrates this hallowed Night with Blood.

Emp. Audacious Slave! Raſh old preſumptuous Man!
Yet e'er Deſtruction over-whelms thy Years,
Make from my fatal Rage.

Acm. Nay, with my Body interpos'd I ſtand,
And through old *Acmet* ſhall *Balbanus* Bleed;
For better Service never did I pay,
Averting thus the Curſe of Gods and Men.

Emp. My Honour blemiſh'd, and my Pow'r contemn'd!
In my own Palace, at my Royal Board! [*Exit Vizier.*
How has my Love and eaſie Faith been wrong'd!

Enter Mutes with two Sable Veſts, Eunuchs with Royal Ones for the Baſſa's.

With Marks of Royal Favour we diſmiſs
Our War-like Gueſts —— Give there the Robes of Death,
[*Pointing to* Acm. *and* Balb.
And at the Dawn let both the Traytors bleed.
Muſt. Away. Give me the Sable Livery of Fate;
[*He refuſes the Royal Veſt.*
I'll ſhare the rigid Fortune of my Friends,
Since Life's a greater Curſe.
Emp. Raſh Fool! what tempting Vengeance! urging Fate!
Retire, and one Reply is Death.
[*Exeunt* Baſſa's.

Bal. Nay, take your dying Soldier's laſt Farewel,
Who like himſelf in Battel wou'd have fell;
Yet his undaunted Soul preſerves its State,
Deſpiſing Death, and ſmiles at hovering Fate.
If e'er we meet in dusky Realms below,
Our haughty Ghoſts each others Shades will know;
And when thou ſeeſt my Innocence appear,
My Breaſt unſully'd, and my Honour clear,
Then with a guilty Bluſh you'll own too late,
Balbanus wou'd have ſav'd his *Sultan* from his Fate.
[*Exit with Mutes and Guards.*

Acm. For fifty Summer's Toil in Bloody Fields,
As many ſtormy Winters baleful Rage,
This fatal Veſt is *Acmet*'s great Reward.
Yet will I bleſs thee with my lateſt Breath;
I have a Father's Right to bleſs in Death.
Still may thy Conqueſts ſtile thee Lord of all,
And ſpread thy Triumphs o'er the vanquiſh'd Ball;
And 'midſt thy Slaves may'ſt thou ten thouſand find,
Like *Acmet* faithful, as *Balbanus* kind.
[*Exit with Mutes and Guards.*

Emp. 'Twas call'd a Solemn Night of Publick Joy:
Where's now the Banquet? where the chearful Bowl,
And the gay Circle of my ſmiling Friends?

With

With Horror fled, fled from their Savage Lord,
And his deteſted Roof. Darkneſs, Deſpair,
Remorſe and Guilt my ſad Companions left.
Ev'n Love and Beauty, that ſhou'd charm my Care,
Now rend my Heart, and wound me with Deſpair. [*Exit.*

Scene the Second.

The Sultana's *Apartment.*

Enter the Sultana *and* Vizier.

Viz. At this late Seaſon of declining Night,
I fear, *Sultana*, I too rudely preſs
On your Retirement, and the Hours of Reſt.
Sult. Think'ſt thou that gentle Slumbers cloſe my Eyes,
Or that my Soul indulges ſoft Repoſe,
When Fate is poiſing of the doubtful Scale,
And all my Fortunes in the Balance lie,
Weigh'd out by Hopes and Fears?
Viz. Your better Genius has at length prevail'd,
Acmet is with the fierce *Balbanus* doom'd,
And ſure Deſtruction waits for *Muſtapha*,
Companion of their Fate.
Sult. Both in your Power, and not already dead!
Oh Coward *Vizier*, and compos'd of Fears!
Why doſt thou wear that outward Form of Man,
Without a Woman's Soul? Diſpatch them ſtrait.
Viz. Our *Alchoran* this night reſtrains my Hands.
Sult. What is our Prophet or his Law to thee?
Thou puny Stateſman, better learn thy Trade;
Ambition never knew Religion yet:
This Moment they ſhall bleed.
Viz. In wild Impatience all your Judgment's loſt.
Revenge is ſure, I've doubly guarded Fate;
And tho' but three ſhort Hours of Life remain,
Profeſs'd and open Rebels ſhall they fall,
In Arms againſt their Prince.

Sult, By what ſtrange Magick is this Wonder wrought?

Enter a Servant.

Viz. Oh *Haſſan!* always faithful to thy Lord,
I read triumphant Miſchief in thy Face,
And full Security of Blood.
I need not ask, nor doubt of thy Succeſs.

Haſſ. *Muſtapha*'s eaſie Temper took the Bait,
Thinking me ſtill his Friend, the *Mufti*'s Slave.
With full Acknowledgments he kiſs'd the Key
That ſhou'd convey the ſentenc'd Generals forth
Through the back Gardens to the Weſtern Port.

Viz. Where did you leave the *Aga*?

Haſſ. I parted with him at the Dungeon's Mouth;
The Guards receiv'd us, as inſtructed well,
With all the Artifice of proffer'd Vows,
And moſt enſnaring Love.

Vsz. Is *Ozmin* gone to rouze his ſleepy Lord
With Terror and Affright.

Haſſ. 'Tis done.

Sult. But yet I dread the Soldiers Inſolence;
For 'midſt the Clamours of the Night I've heard
The Names of *Acmet* and *Balbanus* join'd
Reſound along the Streets

Viz. Rais'd by my Conduct, by my Creatures led,
'Tis all ſubſervient to my great Deſign.——
Haſſan, attend; I've Orders yet behind;
And you, *Sultana*, take your needful Reſt,
Whilſt I obſerve the Motions of the Night:
For at the Dawn, my Signal in the Skies,
I'll offer up an early Sacrifice;
The bluſhing Morn ſhall view the Purple Flood,
And the propitious Sun ariſe in Blood.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene a Night Apartment.

Irene *discover'd sleeping on a* Couch; *The* Sultan *enters with a drawn* Dagger; *Mutes and Eunuchs attend with Lights.*

Emp. Be calm my Soul, and thou my swelling Heart,
Cease, for a Moment cease thy wracking Pains,
Or my distemper'd Thoughts will rend my Brain. [*Viewing* Irene.
Yet sleep, *Irene*, sleep devoid of Care;
Nor ev'n in Dreams may one ungentle Thought
Ruffle the balmy Slumbers of thy Breast;
Whilst like a sullen Ghost I stalk along
Where the lov'd Treasure of my Soul's repos'd;
Watchful with jealous Fears I hover round,
And Nightly visit the enchanted Ground,
To view the shining Mass I can't enjoy,
And guard those Beauties that my Rest destroy.
[Irene *speaks as waking.*
Alas, my Lord! Why do you view me thus?
Why those stern Looks, and why that brandish'd Steel?
Now by the Fears, and Tremblings of my Soul,
By all the Terrors of my boding Dreams,
My latest Hour is come. [*She rises.*
Emp. Irene, I've a strict Demand to make,
A long Arrear, a mighty Debt of Love,
And come to balance the Account with Blood.
This Prodigal's at length a Bankrupt grown;
The long Profusion of my lavish Heart
Has run me out the Empire of the Globe,
Squander'd my Sceptres, stript me of my Fame,
And left me scarce the Shadow of a Prince,
Undone by Love and Thee.
Iren. My Sighs and Tears are all my weak Defence,
When you reproach my Guilt.
Emp. Is there a Cause, in Nature found a Cause,
Besides the fatal Lustre of those Eyes,
That has conspir'd against this wretched Man?
That in the midst of Triumphs gave the Wound,
Seiz'd the proud Victor like a common Slave,

And from the height of Glory hurl'd him down,
Expos'd to Misery, Contempt and Shame?
Irene say, is there a second Cause?
That I may fix the mighty Ruins there,
And spare the charming Author of my Woes.
Iren. Tho' Death I court, and languish for the Grave,
Yet they appear so dreadful in those Frowns,
That Coward, as I am, I own my Fears,
And all the Woman trembling in my Soul,
Begs Mercy from thy Hands, thy cruel Hands,
False as those Lips that vow'd Eternal Love.
Emp. No; I am deaf to thy inchanting Voice,
Deaf to thy Sighs, relentless to thy Tears,
And soft Insinuations of thy Eyes:
For I will kill thee, murder all thy Charms,
Without Remorse. ——But then I'll kill thee here,
[*Points to his Breast.*
Stab thee in every Lodgment of my Heart,
Where all thy Tyrant Beauties sit enthron'd,
Plunge the keen Dagger in the fondest part,
And over-whelm thee with a glut of Blood;
And often as I drench the pointed Steel,
So oft I'll cry, —This for my Empire lost,
For *Acmet*'s Fate, for brave *Balbanus* Life,
And for Ten thousand thousand Subjects Hearts.
Iren. And will you add to all my horrid Crimes
The Guilty Cause of shedding Royal Blood?
First give me Death in its most dreadful Form;
My Soul's prepar'd, 'tis arm'd with Courage now,
And my fond Breast impatient longs for Fate.
Emp. Fate, my *Irene*, has no Business there;
Ten thousand Beauties guard from Violence
That Paradise of Joys.
Iren. Since Death's deny'd the Anguish of my Soul,
Then hear, my Lord, let your rowz'd Vengeance hear
What I must utter to extort my Fate:
These sully'd Beauties tho' you've long enjoy'd,
And had the full Pollution of my Bed,
Yet my fond Love a *Grecian* Prince possess'd,
And with my plighted Vows has all my Heart.

Emp. Hah!
Let me ſtand this Shock with Patience Heav'n,
Dreadful as all thy angry Bolts were hurl'd,
Transfixing me to Earth; yet I'll not rave,
Nor with wild Paſſions terrifie thy Soul;
But Earth ſhall not conceal him from my Rage,
Nor Hell protect him from my vow'd Revenge.
Iren. What has my thoughtleſs, wild Diſtraction done!
Emp. Sting on, thou Scorpion, torture on my Breaſt;
There wanted only this conſummate Curſe
To make my Woes compleat.
For him thy Sighs, for him were all thy Tears,
Whilſt I neglected lay within thy Arms,
An empty Cypher, the dead weight of Love;
My Bed the Monument of abſent Joys,
Thy frozen Beauties cold to my Embrace,
Colder than Death, relentleſs as the Grave.
Iren. Then baniſh me for ever from your Arms,
Or right your injur'd Paſſion on my Heart.
Emp. No, thou lov'd Ruin; no, thou fair Ingrate;
Behold a Wretch abandon'd to thy Scorn,
The Sport of Fortune, and the Fool of Love.
E'en now I wiſh I had more Worlds to loſe,
More Crowns to lay neglected at thy Feet;
All I have left me is my vow'd Revenge,
Which thus I hurl away.

[*Caſts the Dagger from him.*

Iren. What means my Lord?
Emp. To vanquiſh yet the Pride and fix'd Diſdain.
I'll ev'ry wild Exceſs of Fondneſs try,
Rend the lov'd Idol from thy doating Soul,
Confront this happy Rival in thy Breaſt,
And there diſpute the Empire of thy Heart.
Iren. What greater Torments are reſerv'd in ſtore,
When you deny me Death?
Emp. Empire and Joys, and everlaſting Love,
Thy blooming Youth the Purple Robe ſhall grace,
And round thy Brow the Jems Imperial blaze.
To Bed, my Fair, this Night indulge thy Reſt,

Free.

Free from the Pangs that wound thy *Sultan's* Breaſt;
To morrow all thy matchleſs Charms diſplay,
And ſet thy Beauties in their bright Array;
Juſtinian's Race ſhall Mount the *Ott'man* Throne,
And *Greece* Triumphant Boaſt an Emp'reſs of its own. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the Maſmora, *or Royal Priſons of the* Seraglio, *where the Male Princes of the Blood are confin'd.*

Enter Acmet *and* Balbanus *in Sable Veſts.*

Bal. No, my good *Acmet*, Death I never fear'd,
So oft confronted on embattl'd Plains:
But yet——
The dreadful Viſage of theſe gloomy Vaults,
With an unwonted Horror ſhakes my Soul;
The ſcatter'd Bones that uncollected lye,
And ghaſtly Sculls, the Fragments of the Grave,
By dying Lamps diſclos'd, that blazing Glare
Through the black Vapours, and this Peſt of Night.

Acm. Bugbears for Girls to frighten Infants with;
The Coward dying on his Downy Bed,
Encounters more diſtracting Scenes than theſe.

Bal. And yet methinks the Solemn Pomp of Death,
Its ſlow Advances, and Tyrannick State,
Bear Terrors with it Human Nature dreads,
And might diſmay the moſt undaunted Mind.

Acm. Tho' Superſtition never ſway'd my Breaſt,
Yet the Diſaſters of the Night recal
A paſſage Deep impreſs'd upon my Mind;
A fam'd *Chaldæan* once my Fortune told,
My Arms Succeſs, and Poſts of high Command;
Then pauſing ſigh'd: Soldier, ſays he, take heed,
A Night there comes in which you're doom'd to Bleed;
A Night that ſhall decide an Empire's Fate;
Ward off rhat Blow, you ſave the *Ott'man* State.

Balb. But there's no Guard againſt a Thunder-clap,
No parrying with Fate.

Acm. Hah! doſt thou ſee yon' feeble glimmering Light,
Far as thy Eyes can bear thee down the Gloom,

Tha

That like the closing of a Star appears,
When nightly Mists arise?
Balb. I have it in my View.
Acm. There lies unhappy mourning *Bajazet*,
Stretch'd on the Earth he waters with his Tears,
Tho' born a Prince, tho' Great with *Ott'man* Blood,
And our vast Empires sole surviving Heir:
Yet there the wretched Royal Mourner lies,
Repining at his high Illustrious Birth,
That dooms him to a Dungeon's close Restraint,
To drag the Hours of miserable Life
In constant Fears of Death, and dread of Fate.
Balb. Tyrannick Custom! Barbarous Jealousy.
Of Regal Pow'r! my sympathizing Soul
Melts at his Sorrows, and forgets her own.

Enter Mustapha *with Attendants.*

Speaks entring.

Through the deep Caverns of these winding Vaults,
Deaths sullen Mansions, Realms of black Despair,
More dreadful made by the decays of Light,
Hither I've trac'd the murmuring Sound of Words.
How fares it with my brave unhappy Friends?
Acm. As Sick of Life, and weary of the World,
We wait to be dismiss'd.
Must. No; There's I hope a smiling Interval
Remains behind, and date of happy Years.
Now at this Dead and Sullen hour of Night,
The loud Tumultouus Soldiers fierce in Arms,
Threatning demand their injur'd Generals forth,
And *Bajazet* to fill the vacant Throne
Of their Licentious Prince.
Balb. And ought not you, the Janizaries Chief,
Bound by the Duty of your High Command,
To stop their Frenzy, to restrain their Rage,
And crush the *Hydra*, e're the sprouting Heads
Cast their black *Venom* forth;

Muſt. My *Sultan*'s Danger, and my Friends Diſtreſs,
Has brought me through theſe Labyrinths of Fate,
To join my lov'd Aſſociates of the War,
In juſt defence of outrag'd Majeſty,
And to ſuppreſs the Tumult of the Night.
Acm. Our *Sultan*'s high Diſpleaſure doom'd us here,
Sentenc'd to ſuffer by his dread Command;
Not Chains nor Walls of *Adamant* have Pow'r,
To bind me faſter than his ſacred Breath;
Here I'll expect, and here Embrace my Fate;
Nor for an Empire wou'd I diſobey
My Royal Maſter's Will.

Enter Emperor, Pyrrhus, *Guards at a diſtance, as obſerving.*

Muſt. Tamely will *Acmet* fall a Sacrifice
To the Revenge and Malice of his Foes?
When Duty, Love and Honour call to Arms,
When his good Sword might clear his injur'd Fame,
And Reinſtate him in his Prince's Smiles?
Bal. Proſcrib'd by Fate, and deſtin'd to the Grave,
In us 'tis Criminal to mention Life;
And thou, unwary *Muſtapha*, take heed,
Truſt not the giddy Headſtrong Multitude;
'Twill be too late to Struggle with the Tide,
When hurry'd down the ſwift impetuous Stream,
And overwhelm'd with *Guilt*.
Acm. In open Day, and Witneſs of the Sun,
Honour has often call'd Old *Acmet* forth,
To lead the ſhouting Squadrons to the Field:
And ſhall I at my laſt departing Hour,
On Life's extreameſt Verge, and brink of Fate,
Blaſt all the Laurels that my Youth has won,
By herding with the baſe inglorious Crowd,
The Sons of Rapine, and Seditious Spawn?
Mingle with Tavern *Heroes* reeling home,
To countenance their Riots with my Sword,
And head the wild Diſorders of the Night?

Muſt.

Muſt. Why, cruel *Acmet?* Why, ungenerous Friends,
Do you revile me as a Traytor grown?
I tell you, *Baſſa*'s, that ye wrong my Fame.
Sooner theſe Hands ſhou'd rip this Boſom up,
And from it rend the honeſt faithful Heart,
Vultures to gorge, and feed the midnight Wolf,
Than draw my Sword in a Diſloyal Cauſe,
Or but in thought Rebel againſt my Prince.

Acm. I've wrong'd the Aga with imprudent Speech,
Wrong'd thy known Virtue, and unblemiſh'd Fame:
But ſoon thy fierce Reſentments will be o're;
Soon thou'lt behold unhappy *Acmet* fall'n,
Spurn'd to the Earth, and grov'ling in the Duſt;
To render Pity then thy Rage will turn,
Then thou'lt forgive this raſh intemp'rate Man,
Nay, ſhed a Tear o're his lamented Tomb,
And Mourn his rigid Fate.

Muſt. Ceaſe, *Acmet*, ceaſe to wound thy Souldier's Heart;
My Sire in Arms, and Parent of the War.

Bal. Sure the approaching Morn' muſt be at hand;
Now Death's with larger Strides advancing on;
Deſert us not till the expiring Gaſp,
But ſee thy Friends like *Ott'man* Generals fall,
Submit with Patience to the fatal Hand,
And bleſs the Prince that gave the dread Command.

Acm. And if you ſee ſome watry Bubbles riſe,
Think 'tis His Fate extorts 'em from our Eyes;
To ſee him drag a worthleſs Woman's Chain
And blaſt the Triumphs of his Glorious Reign.
Oh! did I Heav'n like that lov'd Man adore,
How happy ſhou'd I reach the diſtant Shoar!
Nay, if my future ſelf retains a Thought,
And this Exceſs of Fondneſs is forgot,
May *Dæmons* ſink my Spirit as I riſe,
And chaſe my Soul from promis'd *Paradiſe*. [*Exeunt.*

The Emperor, Ozmin, *Guards advance.*

Emp. Oh Generous *Acmet*! Cruel faithful Man!
I cannot bear the Laſhes of thy Frown,
Thy Virtues with too fierce a Luſtre ſhine,
They ſtrike too great an Awe upon my Soul,
And rend my darling Vices from my heart:
Thou art all Honour, Piety and Truth,
Virtues that once thy *Mahomet* cou'd boaſt.
But ceaſe that Thought, it Wounds my Soul too deep.
Hali, attend 'em with a Guard approv'd,— } *To* Hali, *an Officer*
And anſwer with your own the Generals Lives } *of the Guards, who*
Pyr. Was *Ozmin* worthy to adviſe his Lord, } *goes out.*
Their preſence wou'd compoſe the Soldiers Rage,
And pacify the Tumults of the Night.
Emp. No, *Ozmin*, No;———
I will not be oblig'd to Men I've wrong'd,
Nor can my haughty Soul deſcend to own
Its fatal Error, nor confeſs my Shame.
I'll owe my ſafety my Sword alone,
And bravely periſh, or ſupport my Throne. [*A ſhot at a Diſtance.*
Pyr. The publick Storm grow inſolently loud,
And gathering rowls along.
Emp. Once more in ſhining Arms I will appear,
And Face the threatning Dangers of the Night;
With Rods of Steel the Rebel Slaves chaſtiſe,
And make their Duty glitter in their Eyes.
An eaſy Labour this———
Oh! Cou'd I Beauty's fatal Charms remove,
And from my Boſom chaſe the Tyrant Love!
Inſulting *Acmet* then wou'd ceaſe to frown,
And own his *Sultan* worthy of a Crown [*Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene I.

The Empreſs's Apartments.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Irene *ſitting in Rich Imperial Robes, a Table by her, with the Crown and Regalia on a Velvet Cuſhion,* Zaida *ſtanding behind her, as adjuſting her Dreſs; ſoft Muſick playing, and a Song; which ended, ſhe riſes advancing towards the Front.*

Iren. MUſick has Charms for every Breaſt but mine;
And in the dazling Proſpect of a Crown
Are Beauties that can fire the coldeſt Heart;
Irene's Soul's inſenſible alone,
And has no Taſte of Joy.

Zaid. What nobler Preſent cou'd our *Sultan* make
The Miſtreſs of his Heart.

Iren. I'll tell thee, *Zaida*, tell thee all my Fears.
After the Tumults of the Night were o'er,
Sternly he look'd as he approach'd my Bed,
His Robes all Bloody, and his Geſtures wild.—

[*Enter* Aratus.

But ah! ſupport me! ſtay my fainting Limbs!
For here's a Sight will ſink me down to Earth.—
Cruel *Aratus!* Foe to my Repoſe!
What fatal Error has betray'd you here,
To tempt Deſtruction, make thy Ruin ſure,
And raſhly hazard both our forfeit Lives?

Arat. Your flowing Fortunes, and Imperial State,
Demand this Homage from a captiv'd Prince:
This Royal Vaſſal, doubly now your Slave;
I have no Crowns, no Scepters left to give;
Yet take the laſt Remains of my Deſpair,
For I've a Purple Tribute in my Heart,
An humble Sacrifice to offer up
Of no Ignoble Blood,

Iren.

Iren. That you are Wretched, adds to my Diſtreſs;
Yet when *Aratus* mourns an Empires loſs,
He knows not half the Miſery and Woes
Attend that Pageant Crown.

Arat. Did I e'er ſigh, or ſhed one mournful Tear
For ruin'd *Corinth*, or my Country's Fate?
I tax'd not Fortune, nor reproach'd my Stars,
For I'd a nobler Empire in thy Heart;
But falſe as Fortune's were *Irene*'s Smiles;
My Scepters loſt, ſhe baniſh'd me her Breaſt,
Drove with Diſdain this wretched Exile forth,
To combat long Deſpair, and hopeleſs Love.

Iren. Has Fortune influenc'd my Faithleſs Breaſt,
And Pomp and Titles ſway'd my fickle Heart?
Oh thou unjuſt! Thou moſt ungrateful Prince!
How ill have you repay'd my Sufferings paſt,
And Miſeries to come!

Arat. Have I a Curſe on Earth like thy Diſdain?
A Torment like the falſe *Irene*'s Scorn?
So ſure Deſtruction! ſuch a Ruin fix'd,
As thy inexorable Hate!

Iren. Yet, e're thou ſee'ſt the weakneſs of my Soul,
E're thy unjuſt Reproaches yet extort
A fond Confeſſion from my bleeding Heart,
In Pity leave me, and conceal my Shame.

Arat. Yes, I will go——
I'll take this hated Object from your Eyes;
But when the Triumphs of the Day begin,
And in Imperial Pomp you're bore along,
The Joy of Nations, and Earth's Sovereign Queen,
'Midſt the gay Shouts, and Acclamations ſound,
Shou'd you then hear a ſad expiring Groan,
One Moment ſtop, and downward caſt your Eyes
Low as the Earth where poor *Aratus* lies;
Inſulting bid thy happy Lord look down
On the fall'n Rival of his Love and Throne,
Then boaſt the Heir of *Conſtantine* was ſlain
By perjur'd Vows, and thy unjuſt Diſdain. [*Is going.*

Iren.

Iren. Stay, thou Ingrate, e're we for ever part,
Take the laſt Fondneſs of a breaking Heart;
Not glittering Toys, nor Purple Robes can move,
A Heart abandon'd to *Aratus*'s Love.
Like a Mute Sacrifice thou ſee'ſt me Crown'd,
My ſelf the Prieſteſs that ſhall give the Wound;
Nor envy thou the Rival I muſt wed,
Death is my Spouſe, the Grave my Bridal Bed.

[*Exeunt ſeverally*

SCENE II.

The Great Divan, or Turkiſh *Court of Juſtice.*

After a ſolemn Symphony of Martial Inſtruments, enter at the Side-Doors the Great Baſſas of State, and Commanders of the Army, who range themſelves on each ſide the Stage. Then the Emperor enters at the Front in the Imperial Turkiſh Robes, *with the Mufti and Vizier on each Hand,* Pyrrhus *bearing the Sword of State before him. They receive him with the* Turkiſh *Obeyſance, then form a Semicircle. A Throne plac'd in the middle of the Stage.*

Emp. That I've withdrawn my Preſence from the World,
Thrown off th'uneaſy Grandeur of a Crown,
Deſpis'd the empty Pageantries of State,
And left the Toils of Empire to my Slaves,
Has given preſumptuous Freedom to your Speech,
And Licence to your Tongues: But trembling know,
That Sovereign Princes are your Gods on Earth,
Unbounded as the Elements they reign,
That ſcatter Heat, and Light, and fruitful Showers;
Or elſe in Tempeſts and avenging Flames
Deſcend to ſcourge the World.———

Enter Achmet, Muſtapha, Balbanus, *Guards.*

Achmet, and you Companions of his Guilt,
My Honour calls me here to clear my Fame.

Before

Before my Juſtice ſweeps you from the Earth.
Acm. Then gracious Heav'n has heard old *Acmet's* Prayer,
Whilſt thus my *Sultan* ſtands incircled round,
Whilſt terrible with Majeſty and Power,
My Heart exults, a ſwelling Tide of Joy
Diſtends my Veins, and now I die content.
Emp. Not as Offenders, but as Ott'man Chiefs,
[*They receive their Generals Staffs from the Guards*
Reſume the Enſigns of your high Command,
And anſwer me like Men devoid of Fear:
After the Ruins of *Angoria*'s Fight,
When haughty *Tamerlain*'s reſiſtleſs Arms
Swift as a Deluge overſpread the Land,
And held your Monarch in inglorious Chains,
Where was your Empire then? where was your State?
And boaſted Glories of the Ott'man Race?
Bal. Illuſtrious *Amurath*, your Royal Sire,
Undaunted as he was, and fam'd for War,
Pale and agaſht beheld the tottering Throne,
Nor durſt aſſume the empty Name of King.
Emp. My Father ſav'd you at th'extreameſt Gaſp,
Yet dying, left me but a Petty Prince,
My Sword my beſt Inheritance. From Fate,
And the Ambition of my Soul, my Right,
Two mighty Empires have my Arms ſubdu'd
Thrice on the *Tartar* I aveng'd your Wrongs,
Through Eaſt and Weſt led my Victorious Hoſt,
And ſpread my Triumphs o'er the vanquiſh'd North.
If ought I utter but unblemiſh'd Truth,
If ought in Vanity or Wind boaſt,
Reproach me to my Face.
Aem. Not all your fam'd Progenitors in War,
Not the immortal Heroes of your Race,
Uniting all their Glories in the Scale,
Can praiſe your greater Name.
Muſt. Oh *Mahomet*! thou Darling of the Stars!
On whom indulgent Heaven propitious ſmiles;
Parent of Empire, Founder of our Throne!

Scarce can our Souls conceive th' Immenſe Delight,
Much leſs our Tongues expreſs our grateful Joy.

Emp. Yet you can cenſure, blemiſh and revile,
Your Tongues with laviſh Eloquence diſplay
Your *Sultan*'s Vices, and upbraid his ſhame:
But ſince my brighter Honour's unimpeach'd,
Lower ſhall injur'd Majeſty deſcend
To clear my ſpotleſs Fame.

The Emperor receives Irene *at the Door, dreſs'd in Imperial Robes, her Face cover'd with a* Turkiſh *Veil. He leads her to the Front.* Sultana *attended by Women, Eunuchs, Guards.*

Emp. See here the beauteous Cauſe of your Complaints!
Behold the fair Seducer of your Prince!
The dear Engager of his daily Vows,
And Idol of his Heart! ——
Come now, you bold Prophaners of my Love; { *Her Women*
Audacious *Acmet*, ſtern *Balbanus*, come; { *Unveil her.*
Survey her o're, gaze till your Eye-balls burſt,
And her avenging Beauties ſcorch your Soul.

Acm. No, *Sultan*; let my Years be my Excuſe;
Beauty was ne're my Province in my Youth;
Your Court abounds with Women-gazing Fools,
Fine dreſſing Fops, that ſtudy the Fair Sex,
They'll ſooth your Paſſions, flatter, praiſe and lye,
More than a Soldier dares.

Emp. Turn thee, thou obſtinate, moroſe old Man,
Nor let thy ſurly Honour cloſe thy Eyes
Againſt th' apparent Triumph of my Love.
For if thou find'ſt where laviſh Nature errs,
If perfect Beauty ſits not there inſhrin'd
In the full Luſtre of each blooming Grace,
I own your Conqueſt, and confeſs my ſhame.

Acm. Yes, I will view this fatal Baſilisk,
That ſcatters ſuch invenom'd Glances round,
And with a blaze of Beauty fires the Heart.——
Hah!——— By the Sacred Love I bear to Arms, [*Aſide.*]
A brighter Object ne're my Eyes beheld,
Nor that conſummate Glory of a Face.

Emp. Nay, grudge not, *Acmet*, my *Irene*'s Praiſe,
But utter all thy Thought.

Acm. In not Condemning, I too much commend,
Nay own, that with malicious Joy I view
Thoſe matchleſs Features, and that Form Divine,
That make Deſtruction lovely to the Soul,
And gild your Ruine o're.

Emp. Tho' you, *Balbanus*, knew her early Dawn,
Time has diſclos'd Ten Thouſand wond'rous Charms,
And finiſh'd ev'ry Grace.

Bal. When I admire, 'tis an embattl'd Hoſt,
Deſcending from ſome rugged Mountains ſide
In bright Array, and Glittering Pomp of War,
Beauties more worthy of a Soldier's Praiſe.

Emp. Not ſo obdurate, *Aga*, is thy Heart,
By Friendſhip tun'd, and moulded with my own,
Moroſer Age has never ſow'rd thy Veins;
Then tell thy *Sultan*, Is *Irene* fair?

Muſt. As Orient Beams of Light.
Bright as the Beauties of the bluſhing Morn,
When all the Azure Ports of Heaven unbarr'd,
Let forth the ſtreaming Day.
Sure when our Prophet promis'd future Joys,
And form'd ſo fair, his Paradiſal Dames,
Such lovely Viſions firſt inſpir'd his Breaſt:
But wanting Words expreſſive of their Charms,

He

He left imperfect Sketches of the Fair,
Which thoſe bright Eyes reveal.

Viz. Her Sexes Triumph, laviſh Nature's Boaſt,
And Wonder of Mankind.

Emp. Come now, ye bold Impeachers of my Flame,
That charge your Prince with an Inglorious Life,
And ſquandring all his waſtful Hours on Love. ——
Nay, frown not, Sirs; in ſpight of Age and Years,
Amongſt you all there's not that abject Slave,
Wou'd quit the Bleſſing of her ſofter Arms
For all the ſplendid Toils that Empire yields,
And Luſtre of a Crown.

Acm. But Glory, Sir, has more tranſcendent Charms,
And Virtue, Beauties much more worth to you.

Emp. 'Tis well, my ſurly Monitor, 'tis well;
Thy Self-convicting Paſſion be thy Judge,
Who to my Face haſt own'd thy guilty Flame.
You dare repine and murmur at your Prince!
You that wou'd Rival me, poſſeſs the Fair,
And rob me of my Joys.

Acm. We plead for Honour, but are caſt by Love.

Emp. Are not her Beauties here confeſs'd Divine?
Is not each Feature, ev'ry laviſh Grace,
Beyond her Sex? Much more than Woman Dear,
And worthy all my Vows?
Speak You, my *Baſſa's*; ſpeak, my generous Chiefs,
And vindicate my Flame.

Omnes.] *Irene*'s worthy our Great *Sultan*'s Love.

Emp. My injur'd Honour ſtood before diſcharg'd,
And now I've vanquiſh'd in the Cauſe of Love. ——
But oh! —— the fatal Tryal's yet to come
That rends each Fibre of my bleeding Heart,
And wounds my inmoſt Soul.

The Emperor takes Irene *by the Hand, and places her upon the Throne; the Regalia and Sword of Juſtice plac'd at her Feet.*

Emp. Princes, behold the Partner of my Throne,
Miſtreſs of Empire, and Earth's Sovereign Queen!

[*The Baſſa's pay their Obeiſance. A Flouriſh of Trumpets and Diſcharge of Ordnance.*]

Look up, my Charmer! bleſs me with thy Smiles!
Scepters and Crowns attend my Royal Fair;
Thy Captive Chains are turn'd to Diadems,
And Name of Slave to Empreſs of the World.

Iren. Ambition never touch'd *Irene*'s Soul.
Oh! was my State but humble as my Thought!
Some peaceful Cottage then wou'd crown my Wiſh,
And yield a friendly Shelter to my Tears.

Emp. Hah! ——'tis a glorious Thought!
Wou'd I'd been born for thee a Village-Swain;
Nurs'd on ſome *Thracian* Mountain's bleaky Ridge;
My bleating Flocks my poor unenvy'd Store,
And all my Empire bounded in thy Arms;
That with the Night returning from my Toils,
Eager to fold thee in my fond Embrace,
Tho' Rains deſcending pierc'd our homely Shed,
And dreadful Tempeſts ſhook the trembling Roof;
Yet there no *Acmet* with chaſtiſing Frowns,
No ſtern *Balbanus* with imperious Speech
Wou'd thunder *Honour-Honour* in my Ears,
Nor Lecture me with Fame.

Iren. Indeed, my Lord, this tender fond Exceſs
Of generous Paſſion, and tranſcendent Love,
Pierces my Soul, and wounds my bleeding Heart.

Emp. Oh my *Irene!* turn that pointed Glance,
Turn hence the fatal Luſtre of thy Eyes,
Or *Mahomet* for ever, ever's loſt!
I've given thee Empire, fix'd thee on a Throne;
With raving Fondneſs doated on thy Charms,
Devoting all my happier Hours to Love:
But what is Empire? What a Pageant Crown
To thy Celeſtial Form, and Charms Divine?
Take then th' extremeſt Proofs of wondrous Love;
Take what my wild Exceſs of Paſſion gives,
And reign the Brighteſt, moſt Triumphant Queen
In Starry Realms above. [*Stabs her.*]

Acm. By all my Hopes, *Balbanus*, it was home.

Bal. The Rival Paſſions have been ſtruggling long,
And Glory has prevail'd.

Iren. My cruel Lord, why this inhuman Deed?
Why this deluding Pageantry of Death,
And fatal Pomp to lay me in the Duſt?
But yet again repeat the bloody Stroke;
My Boſom heaves to meet the chaſter Steel,
That from defil'd Embraces ſets me free,
And gives a kind Diſmiſſion to my Soul.

Emp. Knew'ſt thou the Racks that I this Moment feel,
The Horror, Anguiſh, and the fix'd Deſpair,
Exquiſite Tortures, and diſtracting Pains
That pierce my Soul, and rend my bleeding Heart,
Ev'n thou wou'dſt pity, not upbraid my Guilt.

Iren. Why doſt thou hold, and fondly claſp me thus,
And ſtand betwixt offended Heaven and Me,
To intercept my lateſt Penitence,
Thou Author of my Crimes?

Emp. Oh my *Irene!* by our Pleaſures paſt,
By all the ſoft Endearments of our Love,
I burn this Moment with a hotter Flame,
And rage with fiercer Pangs of fond Deſire,
Than when I firſt conſtrain'd thee to my Arms,
And lay entranc'd with Joy.

Iren. Oh! ceaſe to triumph o'er my wounded Fame,
Inhuman Victor! Thou remorſleſs Prince!
Haſt thou not loaded me enough with Crimes,
But thou wou'dſt fully my expiring Soul,
And brand me to the Grave?

Emp. Pernicious Glory, fatal Thirſt of Fame,
And Empire's Charms, have all conſpir'd
To load with Curſes this abandon'd Fool,
This Murd'rer of his Joys.

Iren Yet could my ſtreaming Blood but cleanſe my Heart,
And waſh the Stains from my polluted Soul,
The laſting Stains of thy Licentious Bed,
Then wou'd I thank thee with my lateſt Breath,
Nay, fondly bleſs thee in the Pangs of Death,
Implore the Mercy of each Saint above
To pardon thee thy wild Exceſs of Love.

Emp. Pardon! Forgive! nay, Bleſs thy Brutal Lord!
Then thou haſt quite diſarm'd my Savage Soul,
And Earth contains not ſuch a Wreteh accurs'd!

Iren. Adieu, my Lord; Death's friendly Aid is come;
I feel the peaceful Slumbers of the Grave:
Yet e're I die, indulge my laſt Requeſt,
For ever blot me from your Royal Breaſt,
Conceal my Shame, and let my Aſhes reſt. [*Dies.*]

Emp. Oh! hold, my Charmer! ſtay my injur'd Fair!
My fond expiring Soul attends on Thine,

Com-

Companion of thy Fate. ——
Accurſed Hand! Oh more than Brutal Act
Of Savage Rage! to blot thoſe Heavenly Charms;
And with this Sacrilegious Hand erace
The nobleſt Workmanſhip the God's could boaſt,
Or Tyrant e'er enjoy'd. —— Oh cruel *Acmet!*
Thou Inhuman Friend!

Acm. You've conquer'd, Sultan, and the Danger's o'er.

Emp. Robb'd of thy Miſtreſs, Honour, and thy Fame!
Whither, thou wretched Monarch, wilt thou turn?
Where wilt thou hide thy baſe inglorious Head? ——

Enter Aratus, *looking with amaze on* Irene.

Have I, like *Nero*, neither Friend nor Foe
To rid a Tyrant of his hated Life?

Arat. Yes, Monſter; Thou Imperial Murderer, [*Guards ſeize and diſarm* Aratus.]
The Sword is out that ſhall avenge Mankind,
And free the World that groans beneath thy Curſe.

Emp. Vanquiſh'd *Aratus!* Captive of the War!
Thy feeble Arm, and thy twice-baffl'd Sword,
Are not a Conqueſt worthy *Mahomet*,
Who ſcorns th' inglorious Combat with his Slave.

Arat. 'Tis falſe; To boundleſs Empire I was born,
Till thy rapacious Hand uſurp'd my Right,
And left me not the Title of a Prince. ——
Oh! that in Arms I cou'd Encounter free,
Again to try the Fortune of the War!
That like a Tempeſt I might ruſh upon thee,
Pour all my Indignation on thy Soul,
And overwhelm thee with my juſt Revenge!
For injur'd Fame, and my *Irene*'s Blood!

Emp.

Emp. Rival in Empire and *Irene*'s Love!
Unhand him all, reſtore *Aratus* Sword.
Now by the Soul of my Immortal Sire,
Deſtruction's his that dares to interpoſe. ——
Come on, *Aratus*, like a Soldier, come,
And guard with Care thy falſe perfidious Heart,
For there my Sword ſhall firſt chaſtiſe thy Pride,
Thy impious Paſſion and preſumptive Love.

Arat. Then Honour, and the Juſtice of my Cauſe. [*They fight.*]

Emp. Take thy Reward, thou baſe ungrateful *Greek*,
That durſt eſſay my Sword's unerring Point,
And tempt the brandiſh'd Thunder of my Arm.

Arat. Y'have kept the fatal Promiſe to my Heart,
The chilly Damps of Death are hovering round;
Yet, Tyrant, ſtill I triumph o'er thy Love:
Irene now I'll unmoleſted have,
Thou dar'ſt not be my Rival in the Grave. [*Dies.*]

Emp. Dye, Traytor, dye with that deluding Thought;
My *Alla* in his brighteſt Paradiſe
Reſerves her Beauties for thy happier Lord.

Pyr. One Moment, Sultan, to my Sorrows give,
And hear the Brother of that bleeding Fair,
Who in her Dawn, and immature for Love,
By plighted Vows was made *Aratus* Wife:
The Day that ſhou'd conſummate all their Joys
Made us the mourning Captives of the Sword.
Yet, e'er our Native Liberties were loſt,
With mutual Oaths we at the Altar ſwore
To ſhare one Fortune, and partake one Fate.
They have the ſtart of Death before me now;
But juſt to Fate, I thus diſcharge my Vow. [*Stabs himſelf.*]

Emp. Stay, my dear *Ozmin*; ſtop thy cruel Hand.

Pyr.

Pyr. 'Tis paſt, and I am free. ——
Balbanus, wou'd thou'dſt ſav'd my Hands the Guilt
Of this black Crime, when Pity check'd thy Sword;
Then Innocent and Young I might have dy'd,
And gain'd that Heav'n I've impiouſly deny'd;
Now preſs'd with Horror and Deſpair I go,
Doom'd to the Manſions of Eternal Woe.
Yet Mercy, Heav'n, ſince thus my Blood I've ſpilt
Rather than live in my Apoſtate Guilt. [*Dies.*

Emp. Stay, my dear Youth; my gentle *Ozmin*, ſtay! ——
Pale, cold and wan as my *Irene*'s Charms;
And thou, proud Rival, ſilent as the Grave;
Yet happy all, and Conquerors in Death;
Sick, Sick of Life, I'll try this Friendly Cure,
Like an old *Roman* I'll diſmiſs my Soul,
T'oretake *Irene*'s hovering in the Air,
And thence conduct her to the Realms above,
To take a long Eternity of Love.

Acm. The Bodies but increaſe his raging Griefs,
Remove 'em from his View.

Emp. My tott'ring Limbs can ſcarce ſupport my Frame,
Rent is each Fibre of my burſting Heart, { *Leans on*
And Fate without a ſecond Cauſe is kind.— { Muſtapha.
Acmet, my bleeding Love's invet'rate Foe,
And ſtern *Balbanus*, Tyrant to my Joys,
Why do you ſhun the Ruines of your Lord?
Fly the Deſtruction that your Hands have wrought,
And unſupported leave this Royal Pile,
To ſink Oppreſs'd beneath its weight of Woe. ——

Acm. Look up, my Lord, the Empire of the Globe,
Your ſhouting Legions and the Battle call
To gain Immortal Honours in the Field.

Emp. What ſays my Soldier? —— I have loſt that Name,
And tarniſh'd all the Glories of my Sword.

Oh *Mahomet!* Thy ſully'd Honour's gone;
Thy Laurels wither'd, blaſted is thy Fame;
Thy hands have ſlain a kind defenceleſs Fair,
Joy of thy Eyes, and Darling of thy Soul.

Bal. Yet, *Sultan*, hear your bleeding Countries Cries,
Vanquiſh'd *Caſſanes* now inſults in Arms;
And *Scanderbeg*, the Fam'd *Epirot* Chief,
With Fire and Sword lays your wide Empire waſt.

Muſt. Each poor Provincial Lord forgets his Fears,
That trembled at the Terrors of your Name.

Emp. Enough, my People; I have heard your Griefs,
And like a Monarch will Redreſs your Wrongs. ——
Take, my *Irene*, but this parting Sigh,
And *Mahomet* begins his Glorious Reign.

Muſt. Eternal Triumphs wait upon your Sword.

Emp. I've wrong'd thee, *Aga*; take thy fair Amends;
Take my *Zaphira*, Darling of my Soul,
With half my Treaſures for her ample Dower,
And uſe her as her Virtues well deſerve.

Muſt. Thus proſtrate at your Feet, your Slave receives
His *Sultan*'s Grace, and Bounty of the Gods.

Emp. Vizier, the Seals.——
Acmet, this Preſent's but your Virtues due,
And with a Pow'r unbounded as our own
Be your Command. Theſe but the Pledge
And Earneſt of our Love. ——
And tho' your Crimes demand your forfeit Life. [*To the* Vizier.
Enough of Blood's this day already ſpilt;
Retire, and by Repentance merit Grace. ——
Madam, with Pow'r y'ave been engag'd too long, { *To the*
Too converſant with deep Intrigues of State, { Sultana.
Unleſs my Honour you'd conſulted more.

In

In your Apartments live a ſtrict Recluſe,
And be confin'd for Life.

Sult. No, *Sultan*, no; your empty Threats are vain,
Deſpina's Soul was only form'd to Reign;
Robb'd of my Pow'r, and ſtript of Regal State,
I'm ſtill the Sovereign Miſtreſs of my Fate.
Immure your Green-ſick Girls, and wanton Boys,
That never knew Ambitions Nobler Joys.
In Death alone, I'll my Confinement have,
And truſt no other Priſon but the Grave. [*Exit.*

Emp. There thy Ambitious Soul can only reſt,
And haughty Spirit be at Peace,
As from a Lethargy of deadly Sleep,
My Soul awakes, looking with Horror round
On the paſt Scenes of my Licentious Life,
My Honour's Bane, and Scandal of my Throne.

Bal. This Action, *Sultan*, vindicates your Fame,
And ſets your Honour free.

Emp. Balbanus, General of the *Ott'man* Arms,
Go raiſe the Soldiers drooping Spirits up;
The *Vizier*'s forfeit Treaſures let them ſhare,
And the rich Plunder of his hoarded Wealth,
Then Sound to Arms, and lead them to the Field.

Muſt. In that Command the *Perſian* Empire fell,
The *Tartar*'s Glory, and *Epirus* State.

Emp. My eager Soul impatient, bounds to Arms.
Come on, my Soldiers, lead your *Sultan* forth,
Where Honour and his bleeding Country calls,
To take this Blot from his Immortal Fame.
By Love betray'd, and vanquiſh'd by a Face,
I lay tranſported in her ſoft Embrace,
Till you, my Chiefs, with pious Friendſhip ſtrove,
To free your Prince from Her Tyrannick Love: Yet

Yet againſt Beauty all your Arts were vain;
For Glory's void of Charms where Pleaſures reign.
Jealous of Empire, and my loſt Renown,
I ſtabb'd a Miſtreſs to preſerve my Crown:
But had the Fair return'd my generous Flame,
I'd ſlighted Empire, and embrac'd the DAME.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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Goring, Charles

Irene, or the fair Greek A Tragedy

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